The Literary Digest

VOL. XXIV., No. 14 NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1902. WHOLE NUMBER, 624

Published Weekly by
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
30 Lafayette Place, New York. 44 Fleet Street, London.
Entered at New York Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

PRICE.—Per year, in advance, $3.00; four months, on trial, $1.00; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign postage, $1.50 per year.

RECEIPT and credit of payment is shown in about two weeks by the date on the address label, which includes the month named.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

RATHBONE, NEELY, AND REEVES SENTENCED.

NO regret is expressed in the American newspapers over the fate of the three men who have been found guilty of defrauding the Cuban postal department. Estes G. Rathbone, C. F. W. Neely, and W. H. Reeves are sentenced by the Audiencia court in Havana to ten years' imprisonment each, and to pay fines ranging from $35,000 to $56,000. Their cases are to be appealed to the Cuban Supreme Court and application is to be made to the Cuban Government for pardons; but the American papers freely express the hope that no jot of relief will be given them. Rathbone and Neely were men of considerable prominence and political influence, the former being director-general of posts in Cuba, and the latter chief of the finance division of the Cuban Post-office Department. The "pickings" of the trio are reckoned at more than $250,000.

C. F. W. NEELY.

They "deserve no consideration now in the hour of their conviction," declares the Washington *Star*, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says that "there will be no sympathy in this country" for them. So, too, says the Chicago *Evening Post*; and the Chicago *Tribune* not only thinks the punishment "none too severe," but says that "it is to be hoped that the Supreme Court will confirm the verdict without delay and that President Palma will be deaf to pleas for mercy from whatever quarter they may come." "If the island authorities accede to any request of this sort, they will run counter to the wishes of every American who values his country's good name," declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*. The Hartford *Post*, however, recalls that Neely was once an editor, and altho it believes that "he has been landed where he belongs," it observes sadly that "when editors go wrong, it is hard to tell who can be trusted."

ESTES G. RATHBONE.

Turning now from the personal consideration of the trio to the political bearings of the conviction, the New York *Times* declares that "nothing could be more exemplary or of better augury for the future of Cuba," and the Boston *Transcript* believes that the conviction "will have a most salutary effect on our relations with Cuba, and ought not to be without beneficent influence on our own politics." "The island court has done itself signal credit and increased general confidence in the stability of the political institutions which the people of Cuba are about to establish," thinks the New York *Tribune*, and so say the New York *Evening Post*, the Brooklyn *Times*, the Providence *Journal*, and many other papers.

The following paragraphs from the Chicago *Record-Herald* seem to express the general newspaper sentiment:

"They deserve no sympathy, their crime was of the sort which calls for exemplary punishment. When they went to Cuba, it was to fill positions of exceptional responsibility and trust. The United States was on trial before the world for the administration of a foreign government. It was peculiarly sensitive to the charge of corruption which is often urged against it in foreign countries because of the bad repute of our municipal politics and of the spoils system in our civil service. Therefore every American who was sent to Cuba in an official capacity should have felt inspired to do his very best.

"But Rathbone and Neely in particular went at their business from the first like reckless and shameless freebooters. They lived far beyond their means, and were soon stealing money outright, trafficking in stamps, falsifying accounts, and overcharging in their bills. Neely, who was the greatest rogue of the lot, also let himself boodle contracts. Apparently he deceived himself into believing that the low ideal of the carpet-bagger was to become a fixed ideal of the expansion of the country. He calculated on the continued support of the influential partizans who had secured his appointment, and found it difficult to comprehend his position when he was called on later to answer for his crimes.

"The case was so bad on every account that the insinuation of Thompson, the ex-postmaster of Havana, that this rascally adventurer and his confederates have not been treated fairly deserves no serious attention. It is a fatuous appeal to national

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prejudices which can not palliate the conduct of the prisoners or offset the indisputable evidence furnished by such men as Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. The Cuban court was none too severe, but might have increased its sentence of ten years' imprisonment and heavy fines without hurting American susceptibilities."

THE THREATENED MINERS' STRIKE.

THE loss of wages that a strike would inflict on the miners, the loss of profits that it would inflict on the operators, and the increased price of coal that it would inflict on the public lead the newspapers to urge both sides in the controversy to come to reasonable terms. Newspaper sympathy does not seem to be so strongly with the men as it was two years ago, but at least as much is manifested for them as for the operators. "So far as the surface facts go," says the New York *World*, "the operators are in a poor position to refuse a reasonable compromise; the miners have an apparent moral right to expect concessions, since the last advance of 10 cents a ton to them was made the excuse for exacting from 50 to 75 cents a ton more from the consumer."

The grievances of the miners are set forth as follows in *The United Mine Workers' Journal* (Indianapolis):

"The anthracite operators have posted notices stating that they will continue the agreement and pay the prices established on October 29, 1900, until April 1, 1903, subject to a change on sixty days' notice. Unless common report is a common liar, there is not a single article in that agreement which has not been repeatedly violated by the bosses and superintendents. The alleged prices are subject to the whim of the pit boss. The prices paid for the same work are not uniform in the same mine. There are as many schedules for mining as mines, and almost as many prices for labor as laboring men. There is an incongruity that would be ludicrous if it were not a tragedy. The scale as first established was fairly uniform, but the bosses have cut and hacked it until there is but little resemblance to the original. The operators may not know this, so it is their duty to meet the representatives of the miners and learn these facts. They think to make strategy do duty for equity. They attempt to make the public believe that they are willing to continue an equitable agreement and thus put the miners in a false position. If the operators' agents had lived fairly up to the agreement, then their position would be correct. They must know their position is wrong, or they would not hide behind an impersonal notice and refuse to meet the accredited agents of their employees. The great peaceful lessons taught by the operators meeting their employees at Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Peoria, Des Moines, Columbus, Pittsburg, and Saginaw are lost on them. Like the Bourbon, they are serene in their ignoring the demands of common sense and justice. But be it remembered that there is no Bourbon occupying a throne in Europe at present. The anthracite operators are intoxicated with greed and deaf to the appeals of reason and justice. They add an uncertainty to their proposed agreement by a vague allusion to a sixty-day notice. They unwittingly, perhaps, give the impression that they intend to abrogate that agreement and take snap judgment at an opportune time. They have given hostages to doubt. They have not done the thing in the right way. They make it appear as if they had thrown down the gantlet and issued a challenge to organized labor in that notice. They do not seem to act as if their intentions are pacific, and they adopt means which seem defiant in the extreme. They have made the terms such that an acceptance of them will appear humiliating. They have used the method which will make the efforts of the conservatives seem cowardly. The cool-headed, peaceful officials of the miners' union are placed at a disadvantage, and their efforts jeopardized by that ill-timed and mischievous notice. It is a potent weapon in the hands of the frothy hothead. They have filled the pathway to a peaceful solution with thorns. They did not adopt the methods of men anxious for peace or seeking for justice, and if there shall come a clash it will be due to no other fact than the unwise course of the operators themselves, and if that clash does come these arrogant operators will be humiliated in a manner they and their foolish advisers do not reckon with. The Constitution is yet in full force in Pennsylvania."

WILL IT PULL THEM SAFELY OUT?
—*The Philadelphia North American.*

FOXY UNCLE.

UNCLE MARK: "If I kin jist git these two ter goin' together, I'll give the boys the race of their lives." —*The Minneapolis Journal.*

The National Civic Federation, in its efforts to end the strike, is attracting about as much notice as the miners and operators. The Brooklyn *Eagle* says of the Federation:

"Looked upon in advance as a scheme of dreamers and idealists, it was able to enlist such a very practical man as Mark Hanna, along with Bishop Potter as the representative of the church, eminent capitalists and labor leaders, and notable theorists in political economy. The Civic Federation has already done good work in the avoidance of strikes, and it served usefully in the recent settlement between the freight-handlers and the railroads in Boston, altho it was the power and stanchness of Governor Crane which brought that trouble to an end. The Civic Federation expects to prevent this impending coal strike. The man through whose agency it hopes to accomplish that work is Senator Hanna, who has been cartooned from one end of the country to the other as the enemy of labor. In fact, Senator Hanna has controlled large mines and an extensive shipping business, without having serious trouble with his men. When there have been differences they were adjusted in advance, and no one questions either the genuineness of the efforts Senator Hanna put forth, through this federation, to bring about a better

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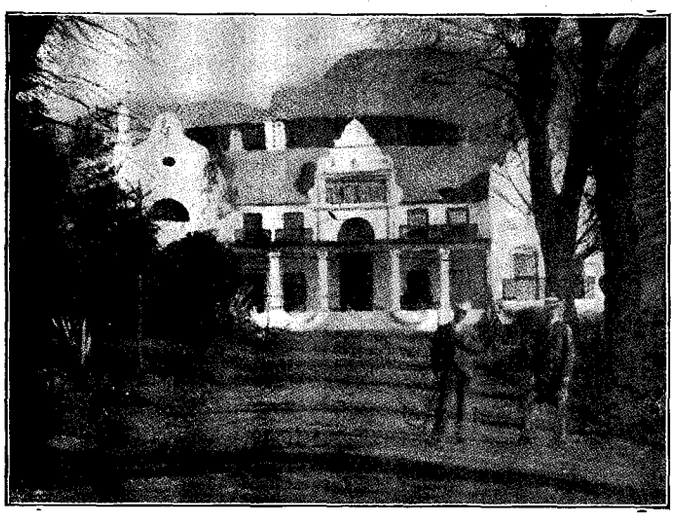
understanding between employers and men, his thorough understanding of the situation, from the employers' side, or the extent of his influence when he chooses to put it forth. If the negotiations are carried through successfully it will mean to the prosperity of the country more than the discovery of a new gold or copper field would. Strikes might easily cost us more in our race for commercial supremacy than the advantage which our high development of labor-saving machinery gives to us. The great factors of our cheap production are our machinery and the fact that our workmen produce more goods for a dollar of their high wages than the foreign workmen do for the same sum, which abroad commands double or more than double of the laborer's time. Unless our high-class workmen are kept at work they are of no profit to us. The strike is a vital commercial question as well as a problem in sociology and morals. The Civic Federation is the most promising of the many schemes which have been tried for lessening the friction which breeds strikes. Its success in the present negotiations will affect the whole field of industry."

ESTIMATES OF CECIL RHODES.

IT is generally conceded by the American papers that Cecil Rhodes was a great man; and many of them agree with the Denver *Times* in considering him "the greatest Englishman of his generation." But few, if any, call him a good man. "Few men in this age have done more mischief," declares the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and the Chicago *Tribune* says: "Mr. Rhodes's chief title to an infamy of fame is that he precipitated a cruel, wasting war upon his own people and the innocent people of independent republics. He did so for no better reason than to dispossess the Boers of their country and property for the benefit of people who were entitled to neither." This charge is disputed, however, by others who believe that if Mr. Rhodes had had a free hand in South Africa, he could have avoided the war and gained practically the same results by diplomacy. W. T. Stead, in a despatch to the New York *American and Journal*, says that Secretary Chamberlain was to blame for the blundering way in which the Jameson raid in 1896 came to grief. "Mr. Rhodes, unhampered by Mr. Chamberlain," he says, "would never have made such a fiasco." Mr. Howard Hensman, in his new book on



GROOT SCHUUR, MR. RHODES'S HOME NEAR CAPE TOWN.

Mr. Rhodes, shows that Rhodes had made it plain to all South Africa that Mr. Kruger was blocking the path of progress and prosperity. The Cape Dutch and a large party in the Boer republics were coming to see that Rhodes, and not Kruger, was the best friend of the country, when the raid overturned the work of years and set the two races in unquenchable hostility to each other. Rhodes was considered the instigator of the raid, and that ended his popularity and political usefulness. He came into prominence again briefly during the siege of Kimberley, but has been little heard of since. "If the war had been avoided," says the San Francisco *Post*, "Rhodes would have been the greatest man in the empire." Now, when negotiations for peace seem about to begin in the region where the British have lost over 18,000 men by death and over 61,000 by disease, and the Boers an uncounted number, one of the two men who made South Africa a dueling-ground between the forces of progress and conservatism is living in Holland in the retirement of age, and the other has paid the debt of nature at forty-nine.

CECIL RHODES.

Not Hostile to the Boers.—"Men have lately seemed to think of Cecil Rhodes chiefly as an aggressor against the two Boer states. He was not. He played for vastly larger stakes, and won them. His march of empire strode past their petty borders, almost careless of their fate. Indeed, he was in most of his career the champion of the Afrikanders. It was by virtue of Afrikander or Boer support that he became Prime Minister of Cape Colony. He commanded the confidence and the cordial following of the Dutch and French races there. And when critics in Great Britain complained that he was acting too independently, and that under him South Africa was becoming too largely autonomous, he bluntly reminded them that that was the sort of talk which generations before had led to Bunker Hill and Yorktown. He was loyal to the empire. The Cape was loyal to the empire. But he told Great Britain frankly that the only way to preserve such loyalty unimpaired was through letting the Cape govern itself within imperial limits. Otherwise, the 'United States of South Africa' was a name which he could easily learn. It is quite within bounds of credence that had he remained in power, and had not lesser men meddled with mischievous marplotry, concord would have prevailed between the races in South Africa, and the woes and losses of disastrous warfare would never have been suffered."—*The New York Tribune.*

The Rhodes and Kruger Codes of Morality.—"Mr. Rhodes's methods were not worse, and probably they were better, than those of most adventurous spirits who have extended the limits of civilization. They were certainly not worse than the means by which Mr. Kruger attempted to establish Dutch power northwest and southeast. Kruger's purposes were less favorable than Rhodes's to the general welfare, for he planned barriers to trade and settlement as a means of sustaining his policy of political isolation. Mrs. Schreiner has accused Rhodes and his Chartered Company of every imaginable cruelty to the blacks. But, on the whole, the English treatment of the blacks has been better than that of the Dutch, Rhodes made all his territorial acquisition under color of concessions from native kings; there is plenty of testimony to rebut that of Mrs. Schreiner; Rhodes certainly tried to keep liquor from the blacks and prohibited flogging them in the territory of the Chartered Company; he generally had the blacks on his side as against the Dutch, and he settled the Matabele insurrection in 1897 by going unarmed among them and inducing them to leave the 'war-path.' His personal influence over white men was Napoleonic, if nothing else about him were, and he seems to have had nearly equal facility in influencing the blacks. Mr. Rhodes accomplished great things in extending British power in Africa, and proved a serious obstacle to German aggressions in that part of the world."—*The New York Journal of Commerce.*

The Capital Blunder of His Life.—"Yet this twentieth-cen-

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tury Cortez and Pizarro, who was compelled by the spirit of his age to employ money where his progenitors used force, made the capital blunder of his life right at the end of his career. He thought money was the controlling factor in national affairs. He never dreamed that there was such a thing as a love of country which would resist the blandishments of wealth and the menaces of force. England, he told Steyne, the head of the Orange Free State, could buy out the two little Boer republics a thousand times over. The Boers, he told Chamberlain, would not fight when they saw the overwhelming armies which England would raise to go against them. If there was any such word as patriotism in his vocabulary it must have had some such a definition as Dr. Johnson gave it, 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.' This man who planned his Cape to Cairo railroad, a considerable part of which has actually been built, this boodler with an imagination, this statesman who 'thought in continents,' could not conceive of a people who preferred their own crude society with independence to the social development and the material prosperity which British annexation would bring, and who would fight to the death for this sentiment against the world's greatest nation. Rhodes extended the sway of the British empire over hundreds of thousands of square miles of the Dark Continent, but he was baffled at last by the love of nationality and liberty of a people whom, in the height of his power, he despised as barbarians scarcely a remove above the natives of the Africa in which they lived."—*The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

DILEMMA OF CAPTAIN CHRISTMAS.

INTEREST is being manifested in a Danish officer who can not get people to believe that he is as big a rascal as he pretends to be. Not a paper in the country seems really to believe Captain Christmas's report to his home Government that he spent half a million dollars influencing members of Congress and others to favor the purchase of the Danish West Indies. Congressman Richardson says he has secured a copy of the captain's report, and he has induced the House to start an investigation, but the newspapers do not think it will amount to anything. Captain Christmas may have spent $500,000, or any other sum, they say, but they express the opinion that it went into the pockets of "gold-brick" lobbyists, who represented to the captain with the cheerful name that the speeches and votes were direct results of the transfer of his coin. It seems that the captain is now in the Danish capital trying to get the Government to repay him for his expensive lobbying, but it is reported that his prospects of getting his money back are poor. Inasmuch as the story has gained such prominence, however, many of the papers think that an investigation should be made.

The allegations of the captain are "flimsy enough," thinks the Buffalo *News*, and the Springfield *Republican* declares that they "have the marks of a colossal fabrication." "If the Danish Government parted with half a million of its good money in the manner suggested," says the Hartford *Courant*, "Copenhagen must be a most unsophisticated capital." The Hartford *Post* says: "Captain Christmas is, by his own confession, a rascal, and in all probability there is no truth in the intimation that Congressmen were bribed. . . . It looks as if Captain Christmas had been trying to bunco the Danish Government. We don't believe he will bunco the American Congress." "The chances are a hundred to one," observes the New York *American and Journal*, "that Christmas is a liar who was on the lookout for a rake-off; but if so he lied to a government with which we are in negotiation for its islands, and the honor of the United States demands that his story shall be sifted to the bottom." Says the New York *Tribune:*

"It may be that this alleged 'secret report' is authentic. It is not impossible that somebody has been trying to 'bunco' the Danish Government. If that Government did send an unofficial agent here to promote the sale, it may be that the agent, desiring a large commission, felt it necessary to turn in an account of large expenditures to bribe Congressmen. Possibly the Danish ministry accepted his statements and made the promise of a commission to be used for that purpose. If so, it has probably done nothing but promise some of its own unscrupulous agents an exorbitant payment for unnecessary work. There was never any need for such bribery as is charged, or indeed for such a mission as Captain Christmas is alleged to have undertaken. . . . Why the Danish Government, when it was standing out for a larger price and making one difficulty after another, should have thought it necessary to bribe the United States to buy what its

THE PEN AND THE SWORD AGAIN.
—*The Columbus Dispatch.*

WHAT, ANOTHER?
—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

THE ARMY JAR IN CARTOON.

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officials were eagerly trying to purchase is a mystery. We very much doubt its ever having made such an agreement, tho some adventurer trying to magnify his own services may have represented the necessity for bribery and its claim to compensation as a briber.

"It will be well to have this ghost laid, and Mr. Richardson's committee should probe the whole subject, if for no other reason than to disabuse the minds of Europeans who may believe that American politicians and newspapers were bought up by Christmas. The chances are that the whole thing is a hoax on somebody. If the Danish ministry ever did incur any obligations to Christmas on account of the sale it was in all probability victimized by its own patriotic agent. We may do a frendly turn to Denmark by hunting the facts and enabling it to save its money. It is a little surprising, however, that Mr. Richardson should have been so slow in getting hold of this matter. It is not new, yet we should hate to think it was sprung now as part of a despairing effort to prevent the ratification of the annexation treaty by Denmark."

DRINKING AND GAMBLING IN NEW YORK CITY.

PEOPLE who have been looking for some striking and visible change in the administration of affairs in New York City since the ousting of Tammany are beginning to ask when the transformation is to begin. Defenders of the administration reply that the new rulers can not be expected to get the disabled city machinery into running order in three months, and ask that judgment be deferred. The chief point of interest in the popular discussion is the Sunday saloon. "Watchers who have been on the lookout for the long prophesied 'dry Sunday' have postponed their hopes," remarks the New York *Times* (Ind.), and the New York *World* (Ind.) observes that "the metropolitan Sunday never is but is always to be dry." "If Deveryism does not go," adds *The World*, "the reform city administration will have failed at the vital point." Says the Chicago *Chronicle* (Dem.): "The great 'fusion' victory over Tammany in New York at the municipal election last fall does not seem to have made any special change in the public morals or manners of the city. The same practises and methods which were charged to Tammany misrule continue to flourish as much as ever. . . . When New York escaped from Tammany to 'reform' control, it jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire."

The Sunday saloon situation is pictured as follows in the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) for Monday morning, March 24:

"The town was open yesterday. Not tentatively, not theoretically, but actually, triumphantly, open. The sacred concert pealed forth its healing notes to the accompaniment of clinking glasses. At the doorway of the Bowery concert-halls was seen the old familiar face of the 'barker,' and the well-known strident notes of his invitation, 'Walk right inside; select and refined family entertainment now going on,' was heard in the land again. There were no screens to hide the people basking behind the family entrance. As the water comes down from Lodore, so the beer flowed over the bar and gladdened the heart of the bibulous citizen.

"It may have been that springtime touched the heart of the guardians of public virtue with its genial glow; it may have been that even policemen were thirsty yesterday, for not a few were seen drinking their beer without any saving sandwich. But be that as it may, not since reform first occupied City Hall and sent forth its edicts of strenuous morality has there been such a free-and-easy town. The same conditions prevailed all over the city. The weary and sun-parched citizen had no need to use judgment in the choice of his drinking-place. To one and all, stranger and habitué alike, the halls of the saloon were open wide. The soda-fountains, which had been stocked in the prospect of a busy day, were idle. Their proprietors were loud in their denunciations of the open door, but silently and swiftly the thirsty sped to the family entrance. 'East Side, West Side, all around the town' there was an absence of restraint or even of the anxiety which has characterized other Sundays under the present régime. Neighbors who for Sundays have not dared to drink together hobnobbed over their glasses and discussed the lyric cry in the first robin's song yesterday."

The newspaper stories of the large losses of Reginald Vanderbilt in a palatial gambling-house up-town have drawn attention also to the gambling situation in the city. The New York *Herald* makes the following report on this point:

"It required only the sensational play that was made at Canfield's 'Saratoga Club' by the youngest son of one of the wealthest American families to emphasize the fact that New York is to-day as wide open to the gamblers as it was under the late Tammany administration. The only difference is that the 'penny robbers' have not been able to do business as they did a year ago.

"During the last election it was often said by the present district attorney and others that the gambling-houses could not remain open without the consent of the police. It was always added that police protection is never given, but is often for sale. In recent interviews the district attorney and Police Commissioner Partridge have admitted that they know that the gambling-houses are still open, but they assert that they have not yet obtained evidence sufficient to warrant summary action.

"Frank Moss, counsel to the Society for the Prevention of Crime, has publicly declared that the spirit of Deveryism still exists to protect the gamblers from the law. These are evidences that some action is contemplated by the men who were the terror of lawbreakers last year. In the mean time the men who are managing the scores of open gambling-houses in New York are convinced that they are as safe as they were when they were guarded by the Tammany tiger.

"From the Battery to the Bronx gambling-houses and pool-rooms are wide open, and play is even higher than it was when the leaders of Tammany Hall were setting the pace by wagering vast sums at the faro-table and on the thoroughbreds. All along Broadway runners are stationed to persuade players that it is perfectly safe in the gaming resorts, and that they can risk their money without fear of police interruption. A few precautions that were unknown last year have been taken in the form of iron bars for windows and extra bars to doors. These are not intended for the purpose of keeping raiders out, as the gamblers well know that a raid honestly and earnestly conducted would result in their bolts and bars being burst like so many threads and in no longer time than it takes to push through a paper partition. But the show of steel gives patrons a feeling of security, and results in visits that would not be made if the old-time careless methods were employed."

In reply to these charges, District Attorney Jerome intimates that the police force is not yet up to the standard of honesty and efficiency to which Police Commissioner Partridge hopes to bring it. He says, in a newspaper interview:

"The police seem to think that Commissioner Partridge is an 'easy mark.' He is far from being an easy mark. They will find he is just the reverse. It is impossible to accomplish the change of heart sought in a day. Give us time. Commissioner Partridge is a thoroughly capable and honest man. The reason he is thought to be an 'easy mark' is because he does not transfer the captains about as was done by other commissioners. His attitude in this respect meets with my hearty approval. If wholesale transfers were made, the opportunity of getting evidence against the captains for failing to do their duty would not be as good as under present conditions. By changing them from one precinct to another, they could say that they had not time to get acquainted with a new place before being shifted to some other place. An order from the captain, as almost everybody knows, would result in a strict enforcement of the excise law.

"I am not striving to have 'dry Sundays,' but to make the police do their duty. When six or seven captains are broken for not doing what they should do, I tell you the other captains will quickly see that the laws are enforced. I think you will find after I have been in office six months a great change for the better in the police department. Even if my efforts to help bring about this desired change were not successful in that time, I would not cease to strive to obtain the end which is being sought for. I'm no quitter."

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WITHDRAWAL FROM CUBA.

THERE appears no disposition in the American press to criticize the decision of the Administration to turn Cuba over to home rule on May 20. Nor does there seem to be, even among the most persistent critics of the expansion policy, much tendency to infer any but good motives from the steps that have marked our military occupation of the island. President-elect Palma says, in a newspaper interview:

"The Government of the United States has shown a most beautiful example of good faith in dealing with a weak Government which it undertook to rescue from its oppressors. Some countries would have sought some pretext for selfish gain in undertaking a work of this character and taken advantage of some technicality for their own aggrandizement, but the contrary spirit has been manifested by the United States, and it has given to the world an evidence of good-will seldom found. The people of the United States have remembered their own Declaration of Independence and have fulfilled a duty to mankind."

This is taken by many journals as a good oppportunity to review the good deeds done in Cuba by the American officials. Says the Chicago *Tribune*, for example:

"The military occupation has been marked by the performance of definite services to the Cuban people. The army has not been engaged simply in holding the island down. It has been doing much more than that. It has, of course, established peace and security from one end of the country to the other. This in itself is an achievement of which the United States may well be proud. Cuba is now for the first time in many years devoting itself to agriculture rather than to bushwhacking.

"It is in two other matters, however, that the American administration particularly deserves credit. The sanitary condition of the island has been greatly improved and a system of public education has been instituted. In 1901 the death-rate in Havana was about one-half of the average for the previous thirty years. This result was accomplished, not only by the introduction of better means of disposing of garbage and sewage, but by the measures taken to exterminate the mosquitoes that had been carrying about the germs of yellow fever. Yellow fever has at last been conquered. It has been conquered only by the sacrifice of the lives of several investigators. However, it is now gone for good if the policy of the present government is maintained by its successor.

"Its physical well-being, therefore, Cuba owes to the War Department. It owes to the same body of men its system of public schools. When General Wood took charge of the island he found that over sixty per cent. of its inhabitants were illiterate. He immediately set to work to effect a change. What he has done is too well known to need repetition. The Cuban children are now learning how to read and write.

"It is no wonder, then, that Señor Palma said in a recent interview: 'I have complete confidence in the good faith and generosity of the American people.' The American people have deserved this confidence. They have perhaps done more for Cuba than any other nation has ever been able to do for any dependency in a similar length of time. As far as Cuba is concerned the War Department has managed not only to avoid scandal and to get away with clean skirts; it has achieved a notable success in efficient, aggressive, administrative work. All that it has to do now is to pack up its flag, its typewriters, and its card catalogs and come home. Its protégé is about to undertake to manage its own affairs.

"So closes this incident, or at least a phase of it. On the 20th of month after next the people of the United States will say to the War Department: Thanks; and to the Cuban republic: Good luck. Then will begin a new experiment."

Annexation does not seem to be contemplated by the great majority of the American press. A few papers, however, look forward to it as a future probability. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, for instance, says:

"Cuba is a ward of the United States, and the people of Cuba, of the United States, and of the world know this. On some parts of the soil of Cuba the stars and stripes will remain flying after the formal transfer of sovereignty is made to the Cuban Government next May, June, or whenever else the transfer takes place. The military and naval stations will be occupied by the United States from the beginning of the existence of the Cuban republic. The American flag will remain up in Cuba after Cuba theoretically takes its place among the family of nations. Even this technical independence will be comparatively short, for both the Cuban people and the people of the United States want annexation, and know that it will come at an early day. Physically, Cuba is part of the territory of the United States, and was so recognized by Jefferson long before Florida became formally annexed to this country. Every American statesman of any consequence since Jefferson's time has looked upon Cuba as an ultimate acquisition of the United States. The ceremonies which will be gone through with in Havana and other parts of Cuba in May or June next when the American flag will constructively be pulled down and the Cuban flag be technically run up will be interesting and impressive on the surface of things, but the person who looks back of this stage-play and grasps the vital forces of political evolution which are at work on the American continent will see that all this acting is merely the prelude to the events which will raise the Stars and Stripes all over the island again, and which will keep it floating there forever."

WESTERN ROADS WILLINGLY ENJOINED.

AFTER complaining for years, in reports to Congress, of inability to enforce its mandates upon offending railroads, the Interstate Commerce Commission, so the newspapers note, discovered last week that it could enforce the interstate commerce law by obtaining injunctions from the courts, and discovered, further, that the railroads "came down" promptly, and submitted to the injunctions without even a show of fight. Judge Grosscup, in Chicago, remarked, in granting the injunction, that "the interstate commerce act has hitherto been ineffectively executed, but the taking of such power by the courts as this injunction implies might turn out to be the vitalizing of the act." By the two injunctions issued by Judge Grosscup in Chicago and Judge Phillips in Kansas City, fourteen roads are restrained from carrying goods at any greater or less rate than the published schedule, and from paying rebates or making other concessions to favored shippers. The railroads did not contest the issuance of the injunctions, merely reserving the right to move later to dissolve them. One of the attorneys for the roads is quoted as declaring it not improbable that the roads will allow the orders to stand without any future motion to have them dissolved. He said: "We may find the enforcement of this law so beneficial that we will not care to have the restraining orders set aside."

It will be the small road, not the large one, that will be hardest hit by this action, declares "one of the leading trunk-line officials," who is quoted in the New York *Journal of Commerce*. He says:

"This action in the West undoubtedly marks an era in railroad affairs in this country. Five years ago it would have been the source of widespread disaster. To-day its influence is quite as important, and I am very frank to say that the only reason disaster is not apt to follow is the interholding of securities of the various large systems of railroads by associated capital. The effect of the injunction is to compel absolute and unequivocal maintenance of such rates which have been approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Five years ago such an injunction would have resulted in an immediate and open cut in their tariffs by the weaker lines of fully 5 cents east-bound from Chicago and 3 cents from Missouri River points. To-day it is only the community of ownership which prevents such a cut immediately, but the incentive still is there and the necessity is there; and it is safe to presume that the deliberate way in which the injunction has been received is merely an indication of the fact that the new condition will be met after a careful discussion of consequences.

"The injunction means that any employee cutting tariffs will

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be punished for contempt of court. It seems quite fair to presume that there will be no cutting by the lines already enjoined, and that these lines will in turn see to it that other lines will do no cutting either. Now then, I should like to know how the weaker lines—the lines that usually are tacitly allowed a differential—are going to get any business at all. They certainly can not attract business by quicker deliveries or more convenient deliveries, or in any other way except by transporting the goods at a lower rate than the stronger lines, for the reason that the latter have obtained their strength and commanding position very largely by their up-to-date facilities and their promptness of despatch. I think I am not overstating the matter when I say that railroad men are convinced that a most unfortunate condition of affairs has been created. The weaker lines have got to get business. The only way they can now get it is to bid openly for that business by filing reduced tariffs. The stronger lines can not and will not allow open tariffs to be filed naming lower rates than their own, and it will certainly be interesting to see what method of clearing the situation can be devised. It can not be met by any pooling arrangement because the Supreme Court has declared that such arrangements are in restraint of trade and in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act. It can not be met by any appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the reason that the interstate commerce act practically deprives the commissioners of any power to modify the impracticable provisions of the act. The railroads have been driven into consolidation by the interstate commerce act, on the one hand, forcing them to do certain things which the Sherman anti-trust law, on the other hand, declares illegal."

The Chicago *Record-Herald* and *Evening Post* are non-committal in their comment. *The Journal of Commerce*, just quoted, says editorially:

"When the railway companies, eight years ago, obtained from the courts injunctions to prevent their employees from striking, or from performing actions in aid of their strikes, the novelty of the procedure attracted universal attention. The courts very generally granted the injunctions, tho many good lawyers have deprecated this method of procedure. The labor organizations were naturally very indignant at a process by which a striker could be taken summarily before a judge and, without trial by jury, be sent to prison for six months for contempt of court, instead of being indicted, released on bail, and tried at his convenience before a jury for the act complained of. Court after court, however, has sanctioned the injunction process, and the labor troubles of last summer were particularly productive of injunctions against strikes and all the methods employed to make strikes effective, and one judge went so far as to enjoin strikers against any method of trying to persuade others to strike, even by private conversation and the distribution of literature.

"The Interstate Commerce Commission has turned the tables on the railway companies by getting them enjoined from violating the interstate commerce act, the ordinary method of prosecuting them for violations having led to very meager results."

Boycott Legal in Missouri.—The recent decision of the supreme court of Missouri, that any man or number of men could legally issue an appeal or circular urging upon citizens generally the peaceable boycotting of a given person or corporation, is attracting some attention. The Chicago *Post* says:

"If peaceable boycotting were criminal under any circumstances, a circular advising and urging boycotting would obviously be an invitation to commit crime. Would the supreme court of Missouri, in the name of free speech, uphold the right to scatter circulars advocating force and intimidation? Would it hesitate to enjoin the publication of such circulars? Its decision, closely analyzed, implies the legality of peaceable boycotting. If so, it marks a new departure."

The decision was the result of an injunction to prohibit the publication of a circular calling upon the people of St. Louis to withhold their patronage from a certain firm. This circular was issued by a committee appointed by two or three unions of St. Louis. The court decided that the labor-unions could not be restrained by equity from exercising their constitutional rights of free speech and free publication. It further stated that if the circular did not contain libelous statements or threats of force, it was not an abuse of liberty.

"Promotion" of Commissioner Evans.—While the Philadelphia *Press* and some other papers think that Pension Commissioner Evans has, by fearless performance of his duty, earned the right to retire, a number of papers remark that he has earned the right to stay exactly where he is. It is stated on high authority in Washington that the commissioner resigns voluntarily, and is to be rewarded by promotion to some higher place; but it is the opinion of the New York *Press* that he has dropped into the "jaws of the sharks which have hungered for him." It seems to the New York *Times* that "it is neither proper nor even excusable to retire him," and the Philadelphia *Ledger* thinks that "the logical reward for his fidelity to the public interests and his undeviating efforts to make the pension list a roll of honor should be retention, and not transfer or 'promotion' to some other office, where the demand for his service is less insistent." Says the New York *World*:

"Commissioner Evans has finally been forced out of the Pension Office by the claim agents and their clients, the professional pension-hunters. It is announced that he will receive 'an important diplomatic appointment,' and that 'the policy of Commissioner Evans will be continued by his successor.'

"What nonsense! If the Evans policy of careful scrutiny and fearless honesty is to be continued, the man to continue it is obviously Commissioner Evans. He is going as the result of the persistent warfare waged against him by the pension-promoters and a fear of the 'old soldier' vote. No 'promotion' of the commissioner or promises from the Administration will make the people believe differently.

"Meanwhile, nearly forty years after the close of the war for the Union, there are about 1,000,000 pensioners on the rolls, costing the taxpayers $140,000,000 a year. The increase in the number of pensioners since 1875, ten years after the end of the war—when General Garfield said the high-water mark had been reached—is 762,914. And the increase in the cost within the same time has been $110,000,000.

"And because Commissioner Evans sought to enforce the liberal laws in a manner to defeat fraud and to protect the Treasury he is to be 'promoted' out of the office!"

TOPICS IN BRIEF.

HAS the Kaiser ever turned his microscope on an American mince-pie?—*The Chicago Tribune.*

USING the earth for wireless telephone purposes is likely to raise a lot of right-of-way questions.—*The Atlanta Constitution.*

BAD NEWS FOR MENELIK.—Next year we will have with us King Menelik of Abyssinia.—*The Star of Hope, Sing Sing Prison.*

"TALK about your rough-riding rulers!" exclaimed the Sultan as he got on his high horse and off again in about ten seconds.—*Puck.*

IF the sugar beet occupies public attention much longer Harvard will probably be making it an LL.D.—*The Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE Powers all seem to be for the integrity of China. The integrity of the Powers individually is under suspicion.—*The Chicago Tribune.*

"WHAT name has 'Kid' Smashem selected for his new knockout blow?" "A beaut! He call it 'senatorial courtesy.'"—*The Baltimore Herald.*

THE news comes from China that General Ma has been defeated. France has long suffered from a similar evil.—*The Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE elephant is being wiped out in Asia, and if American voters do their duty it will be wiped out in the United States next November.—*Mr. Bryan's Commoner.*

It is said Bob Taylor is making a still-hunt for the Tennessee senatorship. Bob comes from a section where the still is a mighty powerful influence.—*The Atlanta Constitution.*

FOR the first time in many years there is no Ohio man in the President's Cabinet, and none holding any one of the higher executive or diplomatic offices, and there is no native or former resident of Ohio on the bench of the Supreme Court.—*The New York Sun.*

THE population of the civilized world may be divided to-day into two classes, millionaires and those who would like to be millionaires. The rest are artists, poets, tramps, and babies—and do not count. Poets and artists do not count till after they are dead. Tramps are put in prison. Babies are expected to get over it.—GEN. STANLEY LEE, in *The Critic.*

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LETTERS AND ART.

CAN POETRY EVER BECOME POPULAR?

IN the discussion of the question, "Is Poetry Losing its Popularity?" which appeared in our pages two weeks ago, the answers given were in the main affirmative ones. Mr. W. B. Yeats, the gifted Irish poet, who has been considering the same problem in *The Cornhill Magazine* (London, March), takes an even more pessimistic view, leaving the reader to infer that under present conditions it is practically impossible for poetry to become "popular" in the true sense of the word. Writing of his own ideals, as a young man, he says:

"I wanted to write 'popular poetry,' for I believed that all good literatures were popular, and even cherished the fancy that the Adelphi melodrama, which I had never seen, might be good literature, and I hated what I called the coteries. I thought that one must write without care, for that was of the coteries, but with a gusty energy that would put all straight if it came out of the right heart. I had a conviction, which indeed I have still, that one's verses should hold, as in a mirror, the colors of one's own climate and scenery in their right proportion; and, when I found my verses too full of the reds and yellows Shelley gathered in Italy, I thought for two days of setting things right, not as I should now by making my rhythms faint and nervous and filling my images with a certain coldness, a certain wintry wildness, but by eating little and sleeping upon a board. I felt indignant with Matthew Arnold because he complained that somebody, who had translated Homer into a ballad measure, had tried to write epic to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' It seemed to me that it did not matter what tune one wrote to, so long as that gusty energy came often enough and strongly enough. And I delighted in Victor Hugo's book upon Shakespeare, because he abused critics and coteries and thought that Shakespeare wrote without care or premeditation and to please everybody. I would indeed have had every illusion, had I believed in that straightforward logic, as of newspaper articles, which so tickles the ears of the shopkeepers; but I always knew that the line of nature is crooked, that, tho we dig the canal-beds as straight as we can, the rivers run hither and thither in their wildness."

Mr. Yeats declares that early in his literary career he came to know that "what we call popular poetry never came from the people at all." Longfellow, and Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans, and Macaulay, and Scott, are "the poets of the middle class, of people who have unlearned the unwritten tradition which binds the unlettered." Poetry ever "presupposes more than it says," and the common mind can not comprehend it. Mr. Yeats continues:

"I have heard a baker, who was clever enough with his oven, deny that Tennyson could have known what he was writing when he wrote 'Warming his five wits, the white owl in the belfry sits'; and once when I read out Omar Khayyám to one of the best of candle stick-makers, he said, 'What is the meaning of "we come like water and like wind we go"?' Or go down into the street with some thought whose bare meaning must be plain to everybody; take with you Ben Jonson's 'Beauty like sorrow dwelleth everywhere,' and find out how utterly its enchantment depends on an association of beauty with sorrow which written tradition has for the unwritten, which had it in its turn from ancient religion; or take with you these lines in whose bare meaning also there is nothing to stumble over, and find out what men lose who are not in love with Helen:

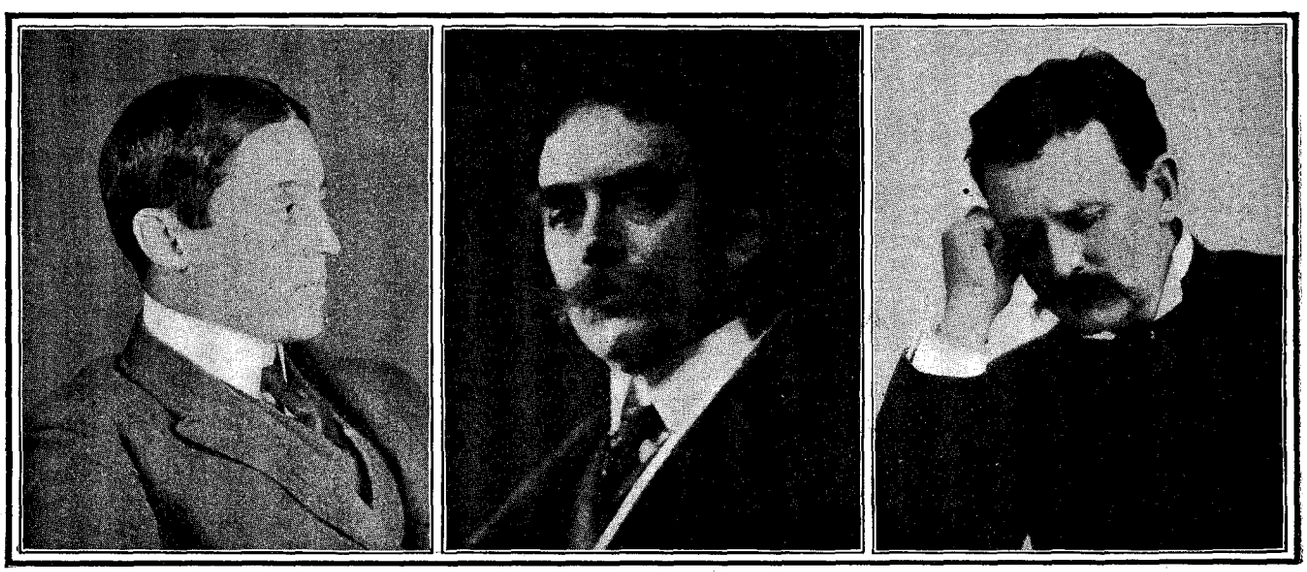
> Brightness falls from the air,
> Queens have died young and fair,
> Dust hath closed Helen's eye.

"On the other hand, when a Walt Whitman writes in seeming defiance of tradition, he needs tradition for his protection, for the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker grow merry over him when they meet his work by chance. Nature, which can not endure emptiness, has made them gather conventions which can not disguise their low birth, tho they copy, as from far off, the dress and manners of the well-bred and the well-born. The gatherers mock all expression that is wholly unlike their own, just as little boys in the street mock at strangely dressed people and at old men who talk to themselves."

There is only one kind of good poetry, Mr. Yeats goes on to say, whether it be poetry for the "coteries" or poetry for the people. "Both are alike strange and obscure, and unreal to all who have not understanding, and both, instead of that manifest logic, that clear rhetoric of the 'popular poetry,' glimmer with thoughts and images whose 'ancestors were stout and wise,' 'anigh to Paradise,' 'ere yet men knew the gift of corn.'" He concludes:

"Among all that speak English in Australia, in America, in Great Britain, are there many more than the ten thousand the prophet saw, who have enough of the written tradition education has set in room of the unwritten to know good verses from bad ones, even tho their mother-wit has made them ministers of the crown or what you will? Nor can things be better till that ten thousand have gone hither and thither to preach their faith that 'the imagination is the man himself,' and that the world as imagination sees it is the durable world, and have won men as did the disciples of Him who—

> His seventy disciples sent
> Against religion and government."



H. H. BOYESEN. H. T. CARPENTER. JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

EDITORS OF CURRENT PERIODICALS.—III. THE COSMOPOLITAN.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN FICTION.

AT a time when the literary market is flooded with novels innumerable, it is interesting to look back to the humble beginnings of American fiction. Charles Brockden Brown, of Philadelphia, is often spoken of as the "Father of American fiction," and his "Wieland" (published in 1798) is cited as the first American novel. But, as is pointed out by Mr. Oscar Wegelin in *The Literary Collector* (New York, February), Brown, while probably the first American to seek a livelihood from literature, was by no means our first novelist. Mr. Wegelin says:

"As early as 1774, two years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a little pamphlet of 29 pages, bearing the following title, 'A Pretty Story Written in the Year of Our Lord 1774, by Peter Grievous, Esq., A.B.C.D.E.' was issued from the press of John Dunlap in Philadelphia. This little work, which is, as far as is known, the first work of fiction written in America, was written by Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration, and the author of the famous Revolutionary ballad, 'The Battle of the Kegs.'

"'The Pretty Story,' which is written in the style of Arbuthnot's 'John Bull,' is said to have met with great success, which probably accounts for its great rarity. (I have discovered but one copy.) It represents England as a nobleman possessed of a valuable farm and having a great number of children and grandchildren, for the government of whom he had entered into various compacts. Parliament is represented as his wife. The fortunes of the American settlers are also depicted, and the encroachments of Parliament forcibly described in a rather humorous vein. The chapters end with this broken prophetic sentence: 'The harsh and unconstitutional proceedings of the overseer so highly irritated Jack and the other families of the New Farm that . . . *Cetera desunt.*'"

Much better known than Hopkinson's political novelette is "The Power of Sympathy," written by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton and published in Boston in 1789. This "novel of social tendencies" was followed by the Rev. Jeremy Belknap's "The Foresters," a humorous tale of country manners. Mr. Wegelin continues:

"The best-selling work of fiction during the early days of our republic was 'Charlotte Temple,' written by Susanna Rowson, a popular writer in this field, and also known for her career as a dramatist and performer on the early American stage. 'Charlotte Temple' was first published in England in 1790, but as the authoress was prominently identified with America from 1793 until her death, which occurred in Boston, 1824, I believe it worthy of notice. The first edition issued on this side of the Atlantic came from the press of Matthew Carey, in 1794, and continued to be published at short intervals up to the middle of the last century, which is rather remarkable. How many of the novels published to-day will be read fifty years hence? Mrs. Rowson also wrote a sequel to the above work, entitled 'Lucy Temple, or the Three Orphans,' and in 1795 'Rebecca; or, the Fille de Chambre'; while in 1798 she published 'Reuben and Rachel; or, Tales of Old Times.' With the exception of 'Charlotte Temple,' however, these writings were soon forgotten, and to-day are of interest only as early specimens of this class of literature."

Even the historical novel was represented in this early era of American literature. In 1793 Hugh Henry Brackenridge, of Scottish birth, but a graduate of Princeton, and at his death in 1816 a judge of the Pennsylvania supreme court, published "Modern Chivalry; or the Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan, His Servant." It was a tale of the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania, and quite appropriately was issued from the press of the Pittsburg *Gazette*.

Commenting on these examples of eighteenth-century fiction in the United States, the Chicago *Inter Ocean* says:

"Thus early in our literary history we had specimens of the political satire and tale of local manners, of the 'tendency' or 'problem' novel, the historical romance, and the domestic tragedy. Quite in the modern way, the latter was decried as altogether too 'realistic.' There are living women whose careful mothers forbade them to read 'Charlotte Temple.' In these were planted the seeds of 'Shacklett' and 'David Harum,' of 'Richard Carvel' and 'The Portion of Labor,' and of all the fiction dealing with social and sexual relations, so abundant of late years.

"So, even in the United States, fiction of all kinds is of quite a respectable antiquity."

A PLAY BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

THE Rev. John Talbot Smith, a Roman Catholic priest of New York, has written a historical drama, which has been accepted for production by Miss Henrietta Crosman. The play is entitled "A Baltimore Marriage," and deals with the troubled career of Elizabeth Patterson, the Baltimore girl who became the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., in 1803, and whose marriage Napoleon attempted to declare null two years later. The most striking feature in the play is the introduction on the stage of Pope Pius VII., who is carried through two of the five acts, and who furnishes the dramatic climax by refusing to grant a divorce to Napoleon's brother. *The Catholic Citizen* (Milwaukee) prints the statement that "this is the first time the Pope has appeared in the English drama." When questioned with regard to the approval of the church authorities on this point, Father Smith replied: "No one will take exception to that. Neither Catholics nor Protestants can object to the head of the church appearing in a play and refusing to grant a divorce that is palpably unjust. You may call it a bold step, but it will cause no unfavorable discussion."

REV. JOHN T. SMITH.

The New York *Sun* points out that Father Smith is in good company as a playwright, since Lope de Vega and Calderon, the great Spanish dramatists, were both priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Only a few days ago the Abbé Jouin's play, "La Passion," was produced in Paris, and this is said to be the first play by a priest ever produced in a licensed theater in France. *The Sun* continues:

"Out of France, the 'cloth' has taken a good deal of interest in the stage; and even since the days of miracle plays and mysteries and moralities, has contributed not a little to dramatic literature. Bishop Martirano, an Italian prelate, translated and imitated Greek and Latin tragedies more than four hundred years ago, while Cardinal Riano attempted to revive the ancient theater in the time of Leo X.

"In England Bishop John Bale wrote nineteen dramas, tho they were rather miracle plays than plays of the modern style. But an early comedy in England of the fashion that has lasted to to-day was 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' by Bishop John Still, whose jovial drinking-song, beginning 'I can not eat but little meat,' is better remembered than his play. John Home, in whose tragedy of 'Douglas' so many 'Young Norvals' have taken audiences into their confidences regarding the way in which their fathers kept their flocks upon the Grampian Hills,

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was a Presbyterian minister until he had to surrender his living because of writing a play. Charles Maturin was an Anglican clergyman, whose gloomy tragedy 'Bertram' found in Edmund Kean an interpreter so successful as to lead the author to give up the church for literature. George Croly was a clergyman, but his tragedy of 'Catiline' is remembered better than his sermons; and Dean Milman wrote for the stage as well as for the pulpit, his tragedy of 'Fazio' having been kept alive to recent times by Mary Anderson's performances of it. The latest English clergyman to turn to the stage is perhaps the Rev. Freeman Wills, who, after several partial or complete failures, has made one success at least with 'The Only Way.'"

Of Father Smith's literary reputation the Boston *Pilot* says:

"The author of 'A Baltimore Marriage' has already much excellent literary work to his credit. He has written several novels, the best of which is 'Saranac,' and a collection of brilliant short stories entitled 'His Honor the Mayor.' Among his books of graver cast are 'Our Seminaries' and 'The Life of Brother Azarias.' Since his able editorship of the late *Catholic Review*, Father Talbot Smith has been free of a parish charge; and, the duties of his chaplaincy being light, he has time for literary work. His literary life covers about twenty years, and his development has been steady and on original lines. Father Talbot Smith has already proved himself capable of dramatic intensity, picturesqueness, brilliant wit, and natural dialog. The production of 'The Baltimore Marriage' will be eagerly awaited."

IS TOLSTOY'S "RESURRECTION" AN IMMORAL BOOK?

A STRANGE issue has been raised in connection with Count Tolstoy's latest novel, "Resurrection," the English translation of which was made by Mrs. Aylmer Maude. Tolstoy, as is well known, stipulated that the profits on the book were to be used to assist the Doukhobors, the Russian Quaker sect, and with this end in view a check for £150 was sent by Mr. and Mrs. Maude to the (Society of) Friends' Doukhobor committee. The money, however, was returned some months later by Mr. John Bellows, the secretary of the committee, with the following letter:

"While I fully recognize the kind intention of Louise Maude and thyself in sending to our committee that £150 for the Doukhobors, yet on carefully thinking it over I am convinced that we ought not to have taken it.

"Count Tolstoy, in writing 'Resurrection,' intended two things: first to help the Doukhobors by raising money for them; and next to promote the cause of morality by the *dénoûment* of the story. And his friends in England who translated and helped to publish the book fully intended the same things. . . . .

"When I read the MS., however, it became clear to me that the moral, which was meant to make the greatest impression on the reader, would not do so; but that an enormously more powerful and more immediate effect would be produced by the scene of the seduction itself, giving, as it does, details that force the reader to realize, that is to share more or less, the sensations of the parties who are chief to the narrative.

"That is, the reader is brought so close to the transaction that the effect of the narration is such as would be produced—and is produced—by the close study of obscene photographs. In other words it arouses lust. . . . . .

"I quite understand that this did not strike Count Tolstoy in writing it, the *end* being so present in his mind at the time; but the end is not present to the mind of the average reader, who is simply egged on to indulge in unlawful desire by the suggestion of how easy it would be under similar circumstances to accomplish his purpose. . . . . .

"The high character—the name of the writer—carries it into homes where it brings contamination for the first time.

"But I can not rest with the matter left thus. It is a stain on the Society of Friends to use money coming from the sale of a smutty book, as it would be if the money came from the sale of indecent photographs: and after a careful thinking it over . . . I must refund the money out of my own pocket, rather than let it remain as it is. Whether the committee will deem it right to repay me, I can not tell."

The Friends' committee later indorsed the action of its secretary, and Mr. Maude, who reprints the foregoing letter in his "Report and Account of the 'Resurrection' Fund," has the following to say in comment:

"The whole letter, of which I have quoted part, is characteristic of the writer: it bears the marks of thorough sincerity and earnestness. Many a man besides John Bellows is feeling the tremendous importance to man, and to society, of the sex question. And many are becoming aware that the old landmarks are disappearing: respect for the moral authority of ceremonies in church, meeting-house, or registry office is being more and more called in question, the old barriers are breaking down; yet the passions they helped to restrain seem—if not as strong as in the days of Solomon—amply strong enough, if unrestrained, to break up any and every human society.

"I can not blame any one who frankly and boldly says what he believes to be true on the matter, and disassociates himself from what he believes to be wrong.

"Only, I think, John Bellows has not thought the matter out. If I may venture to guess, I should say he was probably brought up to the opinion that there were two, and only two, kinds of literature dealing with sex matters: the dry, didactic kind which gives information or precepts; and a bad, lust-producing kind provided by novelists and poets,—especially foreigners. So when he takes up a novel, I imagine, he does not notice what *feelings* the writer (if really a literary artist), having experienced, feels moved to share with us; but he simply sees what *subjects* the book deals with, and if among them is the sex question (with regard to which it is so tremendously important that our feelings should be guarded rightly), he considers it an immoral book, especially if the treatment be outspoken and explicit. Whereas, really, as I understand the matter, a book like 'Resurrection' which deals boldly, clearly, and profoundly with this matter—telling no lies, shirking no facts, but making the receptive reader share the author's feeling that lust and sex-passion poison and spoil life without offering any adequate compensation—is a profoundly moral and useful work. The thought and the feeling the book inspires are, I believe, the same that life-long experience brings to one who strives to know what is good. And if *that* is immoral, then the nature of things is immoral also, and all the striving, all the learning, and all the experience of humanity are leading nowhere!"

This incident has called forth some interesting comment in literary circles. The London *Academy* declares that it awaits Tolstoy's comment with some interest; and George Bernard Shaw makes the following contribution to the discussion in *The Week's Survey* (London):

"There is no reason to doubt the perfect sincerity of Mr. Bellows's account of the effect produced on him by the episode in 'Resurrection.' It is well known that there are persons—very worthy persons in many respects—with whom moral discussion is impossible, because they are the victims of chronic temptation. For example, reclaimed dipsomaniacs have protested piteously against the use of wine at the communion table, because the taste of it has swept away all their resolution to abstain, and plunged them into mad excesses of drinking. Pictures of angels in churches and images of the bodies of martyrs have been objected to on analogous grounds. Several of the stories in the Bible, no doubt, produce the same effect on some people that Tolstoy's story has upon Mr. Bellows. It is quite possible that one of the results of Mr. Bellows's letter will be to make a few morbidly susceptible people buy the indecent photographs to which he refers. All this is pitiable; but it can not be helped. The world can not be conducted as a reformatory for morbid people; and even in such a hospital the patients had better brood on Tolstoy's book—a very wholesome book—than upon the suggestions of their own imaginations."

Mr. Maude's "Report of the 'Resurrection' Fund," to which he adds the sub-title, "and of difficulties encountered in administering it," brings out some curious facts regarding the mismanagement of Tolstoy's book in England. Not the least of the

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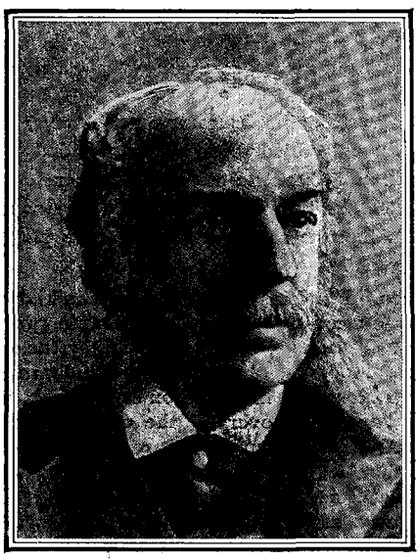
"difficulties encountered," he claims, was that caused by the habitual failure of the London publisher of the book (a Tolstoyan propagandist) either to make reports on sales or to pay royalties! Between April 2, 1900, and August 30, 1901, £1,694 5s. 7d. were received on the book, no less than £1,400 of which came from the American publishers. Until now the sales of the English edition in cheap paper copies have been very limited, but a reputable London publisher has lately consented to reissue the book in more suitable form and to put it on the market in the usual way.

ENGLAND'S ART TREASURES AND THE "AMERICAN PERIL."

MR. CLAUDE PHILLIPS, a well-known art critic of London, and curator of the recently opened Wallace Collection in Hertford House, has unmasked a new form of the "American peril." He finds that England is being rapidly despoiled of her art treasures by American capital, and he sounds the note of alarm. "For the last twenty years or more," he says, "the gains of England in masterpieces of painting and in works of art generally have been greatly overbalanced by her losses." Mr. Phillips continues (in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, March):



THE LATE HENRY G. MARQUAND,
One of America's Leading Art Patrons.

"If the flow of works of art westward is as yet a moderate tho already a menacing stream, it threatens soon to become a cataract, then a mighty river, then an ocean—so astonishing is the lust for pictures, good, bad, and indifferent—but above all expensive—that has developed itself, partly, it is true, among genuine connoisseurs of the higher order, but in the main among those who regard the possession of great and much-talked-of canvases as a form of ostentation, a convenient method of announcing to all whom it may concern—or not concern—the possession of great wealth and unbounded enterprise. It would be an absurdity and an impertinence to say to a great and friendly nation, bent on preeminence in all things, and backed up by resources seemingly limitless, growing from day to day, too, as the snowball grows, that they shall not develop and complete their collections by the acquisition of such masterpieces of art as are still in private hands, whether in England, in Italy, or elsewhere. The American millionaires have their own arguments, unanswerable from their own point of view. The nobler and more large-minded among them, with a splendid and discerning generosity, desire to give to the American nation as a whole the benefit of their vast accumulations of wealth; to afford them every means of perfecting the higher education, the artistic as well as the practical. The Metropolitan Museum of New York is almost wholly made up of bequests, donations, and loans from private individuals, prominent among them being the collection presented to the city by Mr. Henry G. Marquand, and the group of three famous Rembrandts temporarily deposited in the municipal gallery by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer. Mrs. John S. Gardiner of Boston is about to convert into a private museum, regularly visible to the public on certain days, as are the Roman and the Viennese galleries, her collection of old masters of all schools, the most remarkable in point of quality in the United States. . . . To stock these private galleries, these museums, no efforts will be spared, no price will be considered excessive."

The largest buyer of British pictures during recent years, declares Mr. Phillips, has been J. Pierpont Morgan, an art patron who has, on occasions, "exhibited more generosity than discretion in his purchases." On this point the writer says:

"No sigh of regret would be heard if the celebrated, or rather the notorious, 'Duchess of Devonshire,' whose face Gainsborough never saw as we now see it in its crude and vulgar brightness, were once more to wander into exile, and acquire a permanent domicile in the United States. The vast 'Holy Family' ascribed to Titian, and as such lent to the present exhibition of old masters at the Royal Academy, is a work wholly beneath criticism; it would be an outrage to ascribe it to any great Venetian of the sixteenth century. It is one of those things which anywhere else it would be best to pass over in silence. '*Non ragioniam' di lor, maguarda e passa.*' To the credit side are, however, to be set many exquisite things. A great loss to Raffael students and lovers of Italian art is the 'Madonna of the Nuns of S. Antonio,' the vast altar-piece of Raffael's early time, which hung for so many years, comparatively unnoticed, with the Cartoons, in the Raffael Gallery at South Kensington, but has suddenly become an object of general interest because Mr. Morgan is said to have paid £100,000 for it. . . . Then there are in the Morgan collection a genuine Velazquez, 'The Infanta Maria Teresa,' the superb Genoese Van Dyke, 'A Lady and Child,' now at the Academy; several Sir Joshuas, including the beautiful portrait group, 'Lady Betty Delmé and her children' (acquired from Mr. Wertheimer), and 'Mrs. Payne-Gallpey carrying her child pick-a-back'; Gainsboroughs far finer in quality than the much advertised 'Duchess'; the exquisite Romney known as 'Emma Lady Hamilton reading news of Nelson's Victory'; the popular and often reproduced 'Master Lambton' of Sir Thomas Lawrence; and celebrated landscapes by Turner and Constable."

What can be done, asks Mr. Phillips, to stem this new American invasion? What counter-influence can be brought to bear upon British owners of great pictures who are "drawn against their will by the irresistible golden magnet; desirous it may be of doing their duty to themselves and their country, yet wavering and trembling under the fascination of great figures, as the doomed creature does under the gaze of the serpent?" He calls for legislation that will enable Parliament to meet this "great and ever-growing danger," and, failing this, he appeals to the individual conscience:

"There are certain great works which under no circumstances should ever again be allowed to leave our shores—works in respect of which, it can never be too often repeated, the owner is morally, if not legally, the trustee for England, and in a larger sense for the world. If the owner of any of these be resolved, or by his necessities compelled, to sell, let him still be mindful of his trusteeship. Let him not surreptitiously, in the hushed quiet of dark closets, make his bargain with the agent of the foreigner offering the biggest price, and with it the promise of a secrecy that can never be maintained. Let him boldly come forward, and offer his treasure in the first instance to the Government for a national museum, or to that museum direct; or, failing this, to a municipal or provincial gallery; or, if there be no response in these quarters, then to an Englishman, or a collector permanently domiciled in England. This is a case in which patriotism and a sense of the responsibility tacitly undertaken with the ownership of a great masterpiece should prompt even the needy owner to accept a lower price from the nation than he would claim from the individual—especially from the marauder attacking from without. He who, regardless of his manifest duties in this respect, either procures or accepts such secret bargains as are to the detriment of the nation and in defeat of its moral rights, must, in my humble opinion, be deemed a citizen who has forfeited his claims to citizenship by preferring the private good to the public weal."

A Defense of the "Ephemeral" in Literature.—W. L. Alden, in one of his recent London letters to the New York *Times Saturday Review*, takes occasion to comment on "the curious fact that the ablest men are prone to read the poor-

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est novels, and to find enjoyment in so doing"; and he cites John R. Green, the English historian, and Robert Louis Stevenson as examples of men of great literary genius who were accustomed to seek relaxation by reading "third- and fourth-rate novels." Their course wins commendation from at least one cultured reader, who writes a letter to the same paper in defense of "the book which diverts and relaxes, rather than that which teaches, or preaches, or harrows." This writer says:

"There are few enough nowadays, alas! of these books which divert. The superstrenuousness of both authors and critics does its best to put down frivolity with an iron hand, and the novelist is brave indeed who ventures to present that lighter side of life which, heaven be praised, still exists; but as the man of affairs unblushingly prefers Hoyt to Ibsen, so many people (even those who profess letters) turn with relief at the close of their labors to the comfortable, frivolous, purposeless tales of Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Alexander, and John Strange Winter. Young persons who, in the pride of unwearied minds and bodies, having been taught to properly scorn the merely entertaining, may choose 'Sir Richard Calmady' or 'The House with Green Shutters' as the concomitant of dressing-gown and slippers, but mothers of families, tired men, and even literary persons themselves, guilty of lugubrious performances, turn with relief to the pleasant pages which dare to ignore the requirements of the hour and, secure in the range of their past reading, gloat over the froth and superficiality which are all too sparingly supplied to us. We buy large, solid books, but we look to our libraries for these novels of an evening, and if a well-meant paternalism is really to deprive us of our individual needs let us trust that some sympathetic millionaire will endow a new institution for the preservation and encouragement of light literature; that those who in the fulness of knowledge read for their own pleasure and relaxation may still be supplied with that ephemeral 'trash,' through the pleasant pages of which the weary mind may idle, unharrowed and uninstructed, in the mere shameless pursuit of diversion and rest."

ANATOLE FRANCE'S POETIC DRAMA.

THE greatest stylist in contemporary France, Anatole France, novelist, critic, historian, philosopher, and religious skeptic, has tried his hand at poetic drama, and, according to the consensus of competent opinion, has achieved a twofold success. He has produced an exquisite play, and has clothed it in lovely and fascinating form. Withal, it has a philosophical significance and mystical background. It is entitled "Les Noces Corinthienne" (The Corinthian Weddings), and was given recently at the Odéon, in Paris, before a brilliant audience of academicians, artists, and men of letters.

The plot is rather shadowy. It tells of love and religious conflicts in the days of dawning Christianity and final phases of Grecian paganism. Appropriate and vague music has been composed for it, and it is pronounced as, on the whole, the most artistic literary-dramatic event of the season. Jules Lemaitre, the leading "impressionist" critic, who is France's opponent in political matters, reviews the drama with great sympathy and admiration, and Catulle Mendes, a prominent critic and novelist, pronounces a fervent eulogy upon the work as one combining gentle tolerance, a love for the ethical side of Christianity, with an appreciation of what is finest in Grecian mythology and religion.

Briefly, the story is as follows:

Hermas, a citizen of Corinth, has a wife, Kallista, and daughter, Daphné, who have been converted to Christianity. He has remained a pagan himself, the new faith penetrating the homes largely through the more responsive and emotional sex. Daphné is in love with a youth, Hippias, to whom she is formally affianced. But Hippias is also still a pagan. The situation invites discord, but things continue to be fairly harmonious owing to the fact that Daphné is not really an ardent and whole-souled convert. She is a Christian through meekness and submission to her mother. Kallista falls ill and apprehends the approach of death. She prays for recovery, and vows, if the God of her new faith should answer her prayer, to consecrate her virgin daughter to the service of Christ. Daphné protests against this vow, but it is too late. Her mother recovers, and the pledge must be kept.

Hippias returns, and Daphné, more in love than ever, revolts against the sacrifice imposed on her by the new religion, and a spiritual struggle ensues. Kallista is not selfish. It is for the sake of the faith, in the hope of converting her husband and many others, that she values her life. But the daughter loves the world's joys better than she does the consolations of religion. A year passes. Daphné retires from the world and becomes the "bride of Christ." The Archbishop Thlagius is consulted by the mother, and she is told that the Christian God accepts only absolutely voluntary sacrifices.

Accidentally Daphné meets her former lover. Her peace and resignation are at an end. She can not resist her lower nature. She regrets the attractive human gods and goddesses of her former faith, and complains of the "sorrowful God who is pleased by suffering." She determines to forsake family and religion and join her lover in flight. This she does, but remorse, fear, and doubt cause her to take poison on the way. She dies in her lover's arms just when the archbishop hastens to release her from the bond and restore to her the freedom to enjoy earthly happiness.

Jules Lemaitre, who gives this brief summary, adds that this is a drama which must have troubled thousands of divided families in the era described, and that Anatole France's gentle and philosophic nature enables him to understand both religions and the conflicts their collision necessarily cause. Of the play he says:

"I find it a masterpiece. I find in it a vital interest in history, an ample sympathy, a delicate art. The action is simple, grand, poignant, and the essential states of mind produced by the conflict are admirably represented. Daphné is a figure of charming and significant truth, her heart and imagination still pagan, but her affection and tenderness won over by the cult of Christ. Anatole France has loved these creatures, and we all love them. Many of them demanded of the Orient tragic and alluring cults, a religion whose God it was sad to love and serve, but in the service of whom there was consolation for suffering souls."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

NOTES.

The American Israelite calls attention to the fact that "of the fourteen branches of the free library in New York City the one situated in the district containing the largest percentage of Jews (recent immigrants) reports the smallest proportion of works of fiction taken out and a constant call for histories of the United States and books descriptive of the government of the country, and for books on the various handicrafts."

PROFESSOR SEYBOLD, of Tubingen, says the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, in the course of his examination of the Arabian manuscripts collected by Dr. Wetzstein, formerly Prussian consul at Damascus, has discovered several noteworthy literary curiosities. One is a beautifully preserved manuscript, probably five hundred years old, containing a hitherto unknown tale of the "Thousand and One Nights" series—probably the oldest of all. Professor Seybold will shortly publish the text together with a German translation.

WALT WHITMAN has been set to music by Mr. Homer Norris, a Boston musician. The title of the composition, which was recently performed in New York, is "The Flight of the Eagle," and Mr. Norris's material is selected from "Leaves of Grass." Says the New York *Concert-Goer*: "Mr. Norris's work is based on a scale of whole steps. He has seen that Whitman's rugged lines can not be trimmed and planed to fit the stereotyped musical molds, and has done away with arbitrary boundaries of tonality and rhythmical regularity. The music moves with perfect freedom of melodic contour and phrase; the composer has striven to have his music follow the genius of the language in matters of inflection, accentuation, and rhythm."

SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES, son of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, has brought to this country a collection of twenty-six paintings, which he is at present exhibiting in New York. Sir Philip's fame as an artist rests chiefly upon his picture, "The Vampire," which inspired the well-known verses of his cousin, Rudyard Kipling; but the two best pictures in the collection, according to the New York *Times*, are the portraits of Kipling and of Louis N. Parker. *The Times* does not put a high estimate upon Sir Philip's work, declaring that it is "exceedingly unfortunate that so much pother has been raised in the papers about Sir Philip and his 'Vampire,' for expectation naturally rose mountains high, and all that appears is a little mouse of a talent, which seems to have lost its way."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

A NEW THEORY OF HEREDITY.

THAT heredity is purely a phenomenon of growth, dependent on the assimilation of nourishment, was asserted by Dr. Felix Le Dantec in a recent lecture at the Sorbonne, Paris, printed in the *Revue Scientifique* (March 8). The speaker deprecated what he believed to be the prevailing tendency to make heredity a mysterious force, and asserted that the famous germ-plasm theory, now so widely accepted, is misleading. That a hen's egg should develop into a hen instead of into an elephant is no more remarkable, he says, than that a small chicken should grow into a large one. Both are instances of simple growth, and a detached bit having the power of assimilation must necessarily grow into the likeness of its parent. Why this particular attached bit should possess this power, however, would seem to remain something of a mystery, despite Dr. Le Dantec's disclaimers. He says, in part:

"When we speak of heredity, we generally think of a mysterious force, guilty of all sorts of crimes against the individual and against society, and ruling the lives of men and animals by a sort of terrible fatality.

"But this is an injustice analogous to that which would be done by a person who, inheriting a million on condition that he should pay out of it an annuity of 300 francs to an old servant, should forget the million and continually complain of the expense of the annuity. Each of us has certain faults to find with heredity; but we must not forget that it is the accumulated gifts of heredity that have made men of us, and that altho we owe to our parents perhaps a certain nervous affection, a tendency to gout, or the like, we also owe to them all our organs, our legs, our arms, our eyes, our thinking brain."

M. Le Dantec notes that the primary problem of heredity is the explanation of how a man, with his sixty trillions of cells—each occupying its own place and having its own characteristics—can be produced from an egg as large as a pinhead. Thus the first investigators tried to discover something in the reproductive elements from which the future organism might grow. They imagined a microscopic man, a *homunculus;* and the only quarrel was about whether this was present in the male or in the female element. But, M. Le Dantec remarks, even if such a thing had really been discovered it would not have helped things. Besides it takes no account of change in growth. If the infant grew into a man simply by enlargement, it would become a monstrosity. Growth is change, and takes place by assimilation of nutriment, which is really the chief phenomenon of life. The transformation of food-substance into the substance of one's own body and none other—that is the great mystery of life. According to M. Le Dantec it is precisely the same process that we have to do with in explaining the change from egg to animal. Assimilation, he asserts, involves heredity. He says:

"A piece detached from a living being, and capable of living by itself, manufactures its own substance and takes progressively the form of the being from which it was removed, since the same substance necessitates the same form. And living beings are divided into two classes: (1) those of which any part whatever is capable of living by itself, that is to say, of assimilating after being detached from the parental body (for example, hydras, etc.); (2) those of which a detached part can not live separately, as with the higher animals and man. But altho in this latter class an arbitrarily chosen part can not live when detached, there are, nevertheless, special elements capable of assimilation apart from the parent body, and these we call reproductive elements. A reproductive element, therefore, is, by definition, an element that differs from the other bodily elements in being able to live by itself. . . . . .

"Another definition, and a very different one, is in general use at present, because it has been sought to derive conclusions from the study of man alone. This definition endows the reproductive elements with mysterious power, and makes them essentially different from the other tissues of the body, in that the whole body is in some way represented within them, something like the 'homunculus' of the old writers. This theory of a 'germ-plasm' seems to me erroneous and harmful. An egg is simply a bit of substance that can live separate; from the moment when it can live—that is to say, assimilate—the growing mass of substance that results from its activity necessarily takes on the forms that lead it to the form of its parent. . . . A piece of a man that is able to assimilate must assume man's form."

This involves, M. Le Dantec asserts, not only the inheritance of general but of individual characteristics. It also admits of the inheritance of acquired characters. This would not be the case, he points out, if assimilation were the only possible phenomenon of living substance. The converse process also continually takes place, and the superposition of the two may bring about variation in the nature of the substance; in other words, heredity may be modified by education.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A DISGUSTED INVESTIGATOR.

IF the daily papers are to be trusted, Prof. Jacques Loeb of Chicago University, whose discoveries and theories in biology have come prominently before the public of late, resents the quality and quantity of the notice that has been bestowed by the press on his work, and has expressed his intention of going back to Germany, the land of his birth, where he can work in quiet. Possibly Dr. Loeb's friends of the daily press have misrepresented him in this respect no less than in the matters about which he is said to complain. *The American Inventor*, however, takes the report seriously and devotes an editorial to it, pointing out that annoying as sensational misrepresentation in the press must be to a conscientious investigator, it is something that can not be controlled in a free country, and at any rate it is a sign that there is a certain kind of public interest in scientific discovery. By proper guidance, this may develop into that form of interest that will raise American research from the low level that recent writers tells us it now occupies. Says *The Inventor:*

"Dr. Loeb is a German, but an American citizen. He is going back to Germany, where he will not be 'beset by a greedy public which gets its expectations up too high as to what certain lines of scientific work mean.' In other words, Dr. Loeb does not like American newspapers, does not want publicity, does not like to be talked about, and, above all, does not like to be written to. Poor Dr. Loeb! You should have selected the Sandwich Islands, the Desert of Sahara, or a peak in the Alaskan Mountains if you wished to escape the lime-light of modern publicity. It is very sad.

"All of this is more or less by the way. The American people are undoubtedly without reverence. ''Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true.' We don't understand this desire to hide one's light under a bushel, and the American newspaper office is not the birthplace of abiding respect for individual eccentricities. At the same time, while it is undoubtedly the correct scientific spirit to desire one's discoveries to be given to the world in a dignified manner and through a dignified medium, it does appeal to even the superficial thinker as strange that a man of Dr. Loeb's magnificent attainments and education should not be able to rise above such comparatively petty annoyances and that such a man should give cause to these same obnoxious newspapers to make him ridiculous. The press is industriously spreading the report that every letter sent him about his discoveries is taken as a personal insult and a separate and distinct prick in the thin epidermis of his scientific pride.

"While we have no doubt whatever that this is all more or less an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that Dr. Loeb has expressed himself in rather peevish terms of complaint about one of our national institutions, and has mistaken for irreverence and idle curiosity what is really the innate desire of the native American to know 'what is doing' and to keep abreast of the times. No reader of the newspapers accepts the statements as invariably and

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strictly accurate, particularly in scientific matters, and any of those interested, and their name is Legion, will at once seek the columns of that scientific journal which the eminent Chicago investigator may select in order to learn the exact truth.

"The whole thing is more or less a tempest in a teapot, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Loeb will reconsider his hastily expressed intention of leaving America, and accept our newspapers and their dire publicity as inevitable and our Chicago enterprise for what it is worth and in the way it is meant."

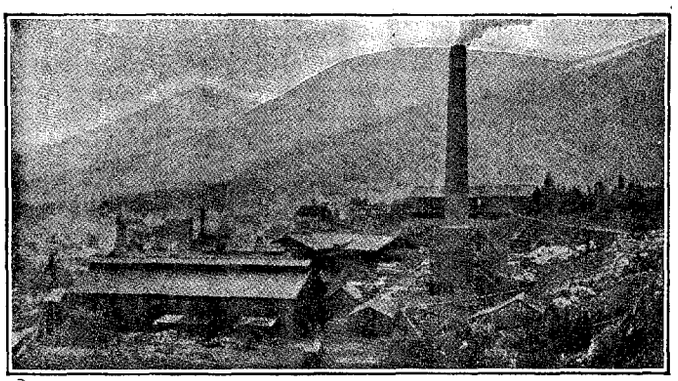
COMPRESSED BRICKS OF FUELS AND ORES.

ONE of the most important steps ever made toward the utilization of waste material is the compression into small bricks, or "briquettes," of waste fuels and ores that have formerly been thrown away because they are so finely divided as not to be usable. This has grown into a profitable industry. In an article about it, contributed to *The Engineering Magazine* (March) by William G. Irwin, we learn that the processes involved were first brought to perfection abroad. Says this writer:

"For many years the briquetting of mineral fuels has been carried on extensively in Europe, and the first attempts at briquetting made in America were confined to similar lines. However, it was not long until the idea of applying the same process of other minerals was evolved, and as a result the briquetting of fine mineral ores has, through the experiments of the past six or eight years, come to be an important feature of metallurgical practise.

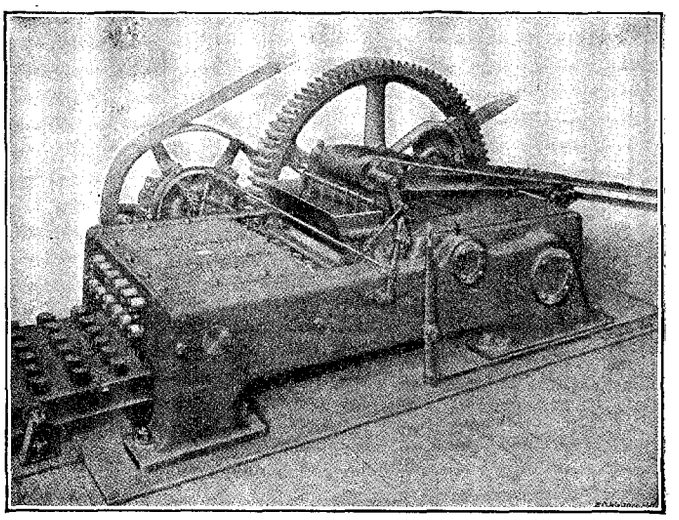
"While the briquetting industry as carried on in continental Europe and in England is still almost wholly applied to the briquetting of mineral fuels, three distinct fields for this important economic industry have already been exploited in the United States, *i.e.*, the briquetting of coal and coal dusts, lignite, and other forms of mineral fuel, along which lines the industry was first exploited in Europe; the briquetting of fine ores and flue dusts; and the briquetting of precious mineral ores. The application of briquetting to other than mineral fuels, as has already been intimated, is strictly an American idea, evolved through necessities arising from the operation of modern precious-mineral smelters, and to meet certain conditions arising from the advanced departures in iron-furnace operations."

More than a hundred patents bearing directly or indirectly on briquetting processes have been issued by the United States patent office, the writer tells us; but altho the first of these dates



BRIQUETTING PLANT OF THE HALL MINES SMELTER, NELSON, B. C.
Courtesy of *The Engineering Magazine* (New York).

from 1837, the first plant was not installed here till 1868. This was near Philadelphia and was for the briquetting of anthracite culm. One of the principal processes now used is that invented by B. C. White, in whose machine lime is employed to bind together the dust in briquetting ores, while pitch or other vegeable matter performs the same office with fuel. The materials to be briquetted are fed automatically into the press, and the binding material, which has been separately mixed in a "slacker," is introduced at the same time. In another system, the Corning, the coal is reduced to a pulp by being passed through powerful crushers before the binding material has been added. The mass is then carried to a furnace where a temperature of from 180° to 200° F. is maintained, and is thus heated sufficiently to make the binding material adhere firmly. Briquettes made by this process are said to be almost smokeless and



WHITE BRIQUETTING PRESS.
Courtesy of *The Engineering Magazine* (New York).

to possess superior qualities of toughness and density, retaining their form long after they have become incandescent and reduced to a white ash. Says Mr. Irwin further:

"Considering the fact that England and the Continent now produce nearly 20,000,000 tons of fuel briquettes annually, largely from waste slack coal which otherwise would be useless, some idea of the importance of the industry there will be gleaned. Already fuel briquettes are being exported from Europe to several South American countries, where they sell as high as $8 to $9 per ton as against half that sum paid for American coal. The field for the fuel briquetting industry is, indeed, a wide one, and the near future is certain to see the millions of tons of waste coal refuse which has collected about the mines of the anthracite and bituminous coal-fields turned to a commercial value through this new industry. Among the advantages of the fuel briquette is its freedom from dust when handled. For marine purposes, briquettes possess the advantage of storing a greater amount of heating power in a much smaller space than is the case with ordinary coal. Tests made of this compressed fuel on railroads in the Western States have been very satisfactory, and the same flattering results have been obtained through long tests conducted in mills and factories."

This process may also, in the near future, become very important to the iron industry, the writer thinks. He notes that the supply of Mesaba ore in lumps large enough for blast-furnace use is decreasing. The large furnaces, and the economical processes that they make possible, will be successful only so long as there is large lump ore. At the same time the loss from these furnaces in the form of dust is very large. Says Mr. Irwin:

"In view of this state of affairs, the present blast furnace conditions present a most serious question, and one which is now receiving the attention of experts everywhere. The question involved means either the abandonment of the monster modern blast-furnaces or the adoption of briquetting as a relief to present conditions. By this method the fine ores are prepared in solid form before being charged into the furnace, and the fine flue dusts, through a process similar to that involved in treating precious-mineral flue dusts, are to be recovered and turned into use in forms of briquettes."

Do Fowls Spread Diphtheria?—Lately, the question has been several times seriously raised as to whether certain infectious diseases can be communicated to the human race by the agency of animals and birds. Says *The Medical Record*

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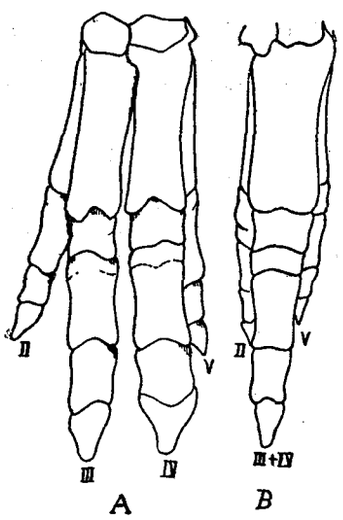
(March 15): "The declaration has been made that cats can disseminate both scarlet fever and diphtheria to men. Now the suggestion comes from a remote part of Wales that there may be some connection between a disease which is frequently epidemic among fowls and known as roup and diphtheria. According to *The Sanitary Record*, January 23, Dr. Herbert Jones, medical officer of health to the Rhondda District, when investigating fresh outbreaks of diphtheria, in different localities, found that in several instances there had been, immediately preceding and running concurrently with a diphtheria outbreak, a very fatal epidemic among fowls. A bacteriological examination was, in three cases, made of material obtained from the throats of fowls, but without any satisfactory results following, in so far as determining the question of direct infection is concerned. 'Some diseases of fowls, such as roup,' Dr. Jones proceeds to say, 'are so very contagious, and the symptoms so very much resemble those of diphtheria, that there may well be some connection between the epidemic among the fowls and the outbreaks of diphtheria we have so frequently had in our midst during the past few years. In considering whether any practical steps could be taken in the light of the possibility indicated, it appeared to me that it might be advantageous to circulate among poultry-keepers a description of the fowl disease, with instructions how to deal with affected birds.' The fear of disease being directly communicated from fowls to man is one so far remote as not to be worthy of serious consideration. However, for the sake of the fowls themselves, and in order to keep up the supply of so succulent and nutritive a food as chicken, it is well that breeders should know how to treat a disease of the nature of roup."

"THE BUILDING-STONES OF EVOLUTION."

THIS is the name that Prof. H. W. Conn, of Wesleyan University, gives to the variations from type upon which, according to the theory of biological evolution, natural selection depends for its action. Dr. Conn begins his article, which is published in *The Independent* (March 20), by reminding us of the universality of variation. No two children of the same parent are precisely alike. He goes on to say:



A. The foot of a hog, showing four separate toes.

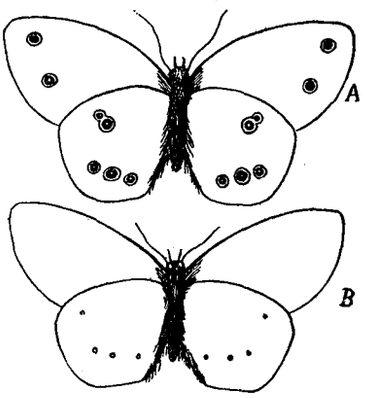
B. The foot of a hog in which the third and fourth toes are fused together so that the animal has only three toes.

Courtesy of *The Independent* (New York).

"But, altho there can be no question concerning this simple statement, it appears that there are two manifest possibilities as to the relation which these variations may have had in the making of a new species, two possibilities which involve very different conceptions of nature and of evolution.

"A crude illustration may make the matter clear. In making a stone building, the builder sometimes makes it out of rough stones which he may pick up at hazard. When he does this, the erection of the structure begins with his picking out the stones, placing them in position, and cementing them together. To explain such a building there is no need to account for the shape of each stone, since the shape of the stones had no connection with the shape of the building. In another case the builder makes the structure out of hewn stones which have been shaped for the building. From a large pile of such stones he selects those which are made to fit each place in the structure, and every one proves to fill its position exactly. To explain the erection of such a building we must go farther back than the point where the builder selected from the stones brought to him those which were evidently made for their respective places. Other men have been at work beforehand and have hewn the stones into such a shape that they properly fit their places in the structure. The forces which shaped them must be explained as well as those which selected and put them in position."

A somewhat similar conception, Dr. Conn goes on to say, may be held in regard to nature's method of building species. The facts may be interpreted in two ways. According to one, which is that of Darwin, new species have arisen by slow accumulation of the ordinary minute variations, such as those shown in the illustration of eggs of the sparrow. According to the other, they are the results of larger occasional variations, such as those shown in the illustration of the hog's foot or the butterfly's wing. Dr. Conn remarks:



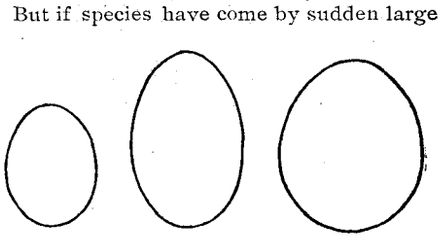
Two specimens of the same species of butterfly. *A* is the common form; *B*, without the eye-spots is an occasional variation.

Courtesy of *The Independent* (New York).

"New species may have been derived from older ones by slow stages, by the gradual accumulation of such minute variations as we see all around us in every animal and plant, and which are so universal as to lead us to say that no two animals are alike. On the other hand, they may have arisen by the ordinary process of reproduction, but by suddenly starting into existence in the form of one of the large variations, like a solid-toed hog, which would start a new race at a single birth.

"It makes quite a difference in our conception of nature whether we find the one or the other of these methods to be the true one. If the first method is true, the building of a species is like the construction of a building out of rough stones. The origin of species would then *begin with the selection* of some of these accidental slight variations, and Darwin's famous law of natural selection would appear to be sufficient to explain them. If, however, the latter should prove to be true, it would be more like making a building out of stones already shaped to fit the plan. Such great variations, so firmly fixed in the nature of the animal as to be transmitted generation after generation by heredity, are more than accidental differences in size and shape, or length of toes or wings. They are even from the beginning fitted to the life of the individual, and perhaps already adapted to conditions, and may form the corner-stone of a new species.

"While we need not ask for the reason of the shape of every stone that goes into a structure built of rough stones, we must explain the reason for the shape of peculiar stones which are fitted to their positions in the structure. Such stones demand an explanation which precedes their selection for their positions. So it is that we need not ask for the cause of the miscellaneous minute variations in size or shape which we find all around, and if species have been built out of such variations we need not try to go deeper than selection to have the satisfactory solution of the origin of species. But if species have come by sudden large variations, which from their first appearance start new types, and are at the outset adapted to their conditions, then we must look deeper than simple *selection* before we shall have explained the origin of species. We must ask, What produced such sudden departures from the ordinary line of inheritance and started the new line of descent?



EGGS OF ENGLISH SPARROW, SHOWING VARIATION.

Courtesy of *The Independent* (New York).

"Hence it is that naturalists are trying to determine which of the two methods of variation has been at the foundation of the origin of species, and in doing so are studying, sometimes un-

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consciously, a deep philosophical problem. They are trying to decide whether selection is to be regarded as a primal factor in the origin of species or whether the real solution lies far deeper and is obscured in the still unfathomable mysteries of life."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND ATMOSPHERIC STRATA.

THAT an electric wave, spreading in all directions, should yet retain sufficient intensity at its front to affect an instrument two thousand miles from its source has seemed to most persons little short of miraculous. A recent suggestion by an American electrician, Dr. Kennelly, furnishes an explanation. According to him, the waves do not spread out at all, but are confined between sea and sky, as between the walls of a speaking-tube. The same consideration shows how the waves follow around the curvature of the earth. As all electricians know, conducting substances reflect the waves, whereas non-conductors are transparent to them; and Dr. Kennelly shows that the upper strata of the air have considerable conductivity. Says *The Electrical World and Engineer* in discussing this point editorially:

"From the earliest days of wireless telegraphy the manner in which etheric waves of the Hertzian order are transmitted through the atmosphere has been a subject of lively interest. By some it was held that unless a portion of the terminal antennæ projected above a plane tangent to the earth midway between stations transmission was impossible, and some experiments made in Belgium to test this assumption were held to have verified it. One result of the recent brilliant experiments of Marconi has been effectually to dispose of theories which considered the height of antennæ a definite function of the distance between stations. Dr. Kennelly points out that reasonable grounds exist for the assumption that in transoceanic wireless telegraphy the waves in their course are reflected on the one hand by the electrical conducting surface of the ocean and on the other by the surfaces of upper atmospheric strata, which latter, by virtue of their rarefaction, approach sea-water in conductivity. The deduction from this view is, therefore, that the curvature of the earth plays no important part in transoceanic wireless telegraphy; that the propagation of the signaling-waves is cylindrical, and that the attenuation of the effective waves is in simple proportion to the distance traversed by the waves.

"The figures given of the conductivity of rarefied strata are most interesting in view of the claims that have been put forth as to the possibility of utilizing the upper strata of the atmosphere for the economic transmission of electrical energy in large quantities. Such claims have been vague as to the height of elevated transmission termini—in fact, merely specifying that they should extend into the rarefied atmosphere. According to figures given by Dr. Kennelly as deduced from data determined by Prof. J. J. Thomson, at a height of from 45 to 55 miles above the surface of the earth, the conductivity of the atmosphere for low-frequency alternating currents is about 600,000 times less than the conductivity of copper. As to the conductivity of atmospheric strata at an altitude of but a few miles, we do not think its value would be of an order to cause the engineers of a Himalayan transmission project to fear that measurable shunts of energy would occur across high-voltage pole-line conductors. Indeed, one of the mountainous regions of the world would furnish an ideal field for a test of the upper-strata transmission of power theory; for if not successful there, we could hardly hope to attain a sufficient altitude for the transmission termini in habitable regions of the earth."

Cheese and Tuberculosis.—Tuberculosis may possibly be communicated from cheese, if we are to believe Baron Henry d'Anchald, who writes on the subject in the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*. If Dr. Koch's idea that tuberculosis can not be communicated from animals to man be correct the experiments described by M. d'Anchald do not bear upon the question; but most of us would prefer to take no chances. Writes a reviewer in *Cosmos* (March 1):

"Cheese made with tuberculous milk is more dangerous than the milk itself, for altho we may destroy the germ in the latter by boiling, it persists in the cheese and lives there for months. . . . Cheese was made with milk in which tubercle bacilli had been placed. . . . With specimens of these, guinea-pigs were inoculated and the animals were found to be infected. The toxic effect remained from eleven to fourteen days. This last statement is somewhat reassuring, since cheese is generally eaten not less than four months after its manufacture. The same experimenter, however, chose some fresh cheeses in the market at Berne and found that more than half communicated tuberculosis to guinea-pigs. This is a more serious matter. . . . Fortunately, displeasing as it may be to the pessimists, our organism is generally able to defend itself against germs, so we may continue to eat our brie and camembert. That everybody may be satisfied however, *L'Industrie Lartière* advises its readers to pasteurize all milk, no matter for what purpose it may be intended. But who shall guaranty that this pasteurization has been carried out before the manufacture of the cheese, even if the prospectuses announce it? And, besides, what will be the quality of these up-to-date cheeses."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

DAMAGE DONE TO TREES BY ICE.

SO-CALLED "ice-storms," in which great damage is done to trees by the weight of the frozen rain on their branches, are common in many parts of the United States, notably in New England. The storm of February 21 of the present year seems, however, to have been unusually widespread and to have ruined trees in places where this kind of injury is seldom done. In *Forestry and Irrigation* (March) Herman H. Chapman writes as follows on the subject:

"To calculate the forces which caused such destruction, a number of twigs were cut transversely and diagrams made of the thickness of the twig and the ice incrustation. The ice is of about the same weight as the wood of a green twig. Calculating from the relative area in cross-section, it was found that twigs one-eighth of an inch thick were carrying from thirty to forty times their weight of ice, those one-fourth of an inch thick twenty times their weight, and those one-half of an inch thick five times their weight. While the exact calculation would be rather difficult, it is safe to say that branches one-inch thick were called upon to support a weight over ten times as great as usual, and possibly twice as much.

"In addition to this enormous burden, the surface of the crown or branches was increased over fivefold, thus multiplying the effect of the wind by that factor. The wonder is that any limbs were left.

"Forest trees depend very largely on one another for protection from such unusual conditions. Where the trees grew thick and undisturbed, the protection from the wind was so complete that much fewer and smaller branches were broken; but where man had stepped in and 'improved' the woods, by cutting out the underbrush and saplings and leaving only the 'grand old trees in their majestic beauty,' nature took especial pains to point out the error of his ways, and most of these grand old trees are now more fit for scarecrows than for shade. That wind and ice are not the only enemies that 'improving' gives a chance was shown by the fact that nearly all the limbs broken off showed rot in their interior. The drying soil, the grass, and the exposure following thinning had already gotten in their deadly work, and it needed only the storm to reveal it. If man wants a park, let him keep the whole wood, or raise a new one. 'Improvements' are seldom accepted by nature."

"THE Races of Europe," by Prof. W. Z. Ripley, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and professor-elect of economics at Harvard University, has been "crowned" by the award of the Bertillon prize of the Paris Anthropological Society, as is announced in *The Popular Science Monthly*.

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THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

THE MODERN NOVEL AND RELIGIOUS FAITH.

MANY students of current fiction have called attention to the prominence of the religious motive in the novels both of this country and of England. The fact that the religious novels most widely read and discussed during our generation have been almost invariably novels of "heresy," inculcating doctrines directly in conflict with conservative religious thought, leads an English writer, Miss Jane H. Findlater, to inquire how far it is true that this kind of reading undermines religious faith. "It is a pity," she says, "for a nation to be priest-ridden, to accept its beliefs too childishly from the hands of even a learned class of men; but it is a much greater pity for a nation to give itself over into the hands of novelists for religious instruction." She continues (in *The National Review*, March):

"It is a characteristic of youth that it must always be in a state of revolt from authority when in its period of growth; a necessity seems to be laid upon it to reject every dogma it has been brought up to believe, and to turn to new guides. The influence of religious novels on such readers is often very profound, and very helpful for a time. Later on they may outgrow these teachers, but in the 'present distress' they afford comfort and guidance. They see all their doubts and despairs reflected here, and take courage. Others have passed the lions. The House Beautiful may yet be ahead, and the Delectable Mountains may be gained at last. But the benefit of religious fiction to half-educated readers is much more questionable. The book which may comfort the doubter may easily torment the man who has never begun to doubt. He is presented in an easy, readable form with a sort of digest of modern thought, more or less convincingly put. These ideas are hopelessly at variance with the creeds of his childhood, yet time and opportunity both fail him to examine into their truth or falsehood. Such are the inevitable and melancholy results of cheap education and cheap culture—one more illustration of the truth that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

"Now to meet this hunger for help and truth and guidance, which is such a real want just now, only a few really good religious novels have ever been written. You might count them on your fingers. The number of indifferently good ones is countless, while of sorry trash there is no end at all."

The writer selects as types of the great religious novels of our age George McDonald's "Robert Falconer," "Mark Rutherford," Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," and John Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law." The first-named author she treats as the spokesman of the earliest stage of doubt in the young thinker's mind—the stage in which the attempt is made to reconcile the justice and omnipotence of God with the origin of evil or with the theory of an after-state of punishment. Mrs. Humphry Ward's famous book, as all the world knows, deals with the question of miracles and the divinity of Christ. "Mark Rutherford" and John Lane Allen are known as the exponents of agnosticism in fiction, the former voicing a "melancholy incertitude," the latter prophesying that "our religion will more and more be what our science is, and some day they will be the same." Miss Findlater sees in all these writers and their novels a reflection of "the general course of doubt as it rises, grows, and takes possession of the human mind." She comments:

"When you consider that each one of the authors whose books I have considered is only the leader of his or her own especial band of imitators, some idea may be obtained of the ramifications of religious fiction. Not a doubt but has its special pleader: not a new faith but has its prophet. And the newer the faith, the poorer the book that is produced by it. One has some patience with the old classic doubter, with his genuine scruples; but the newcomers who quickly renounce their childhood's faith, and with the utmost agility replace it by means of electricity or vegetarianism, theosophy or Christian Science, can not hold our sympathies. It is illiberal and perhaps unfair to say that the new is never true; but for the purposes of serious fiction it is a safe rule to keep to the old paths. No brand-new ideas can be the right material for building a book of. The sifting, testing processes of time are needed to make ideas into usable book-stuff, just as wood needs seasoning before it can make a seaworthy craft. The shrinkage of ideas has to be allowed for:—what seems to fill the public mind and dominate knowledge one year, may have shrunk into insignificance before twelve more months have run. This view of things, if practically adhered to, leaves rather a small field for the religious novelist of the future. 'The stories have all been told'—an eminent authority tells us; certainly the doubts have all been expressed. Perhaps a truce may be called now—it is time—but the War of Opinions will still go on."

NEW YORK'S REJECTION OF THE PASSION PLAY.

A SACRED drama entitled "Nazareth" was presented at the Garrick Theater in New York on March 23 by twenty-four members of the "Lambs' Club," with a musical overture and four intermezzos composed for the occasion by Henry K. Hadley. The "Lambs' Club" is largely composed of actors, and the performance was a private one, given before three hundred members of the club and their friends. "Nazareth" was written by Clay M. Greene, and was produced, for the first time a year ago by the students of the Roman Catholic College at Santa Barbara, Cal., of which he is a graduate. The important personages of the Gospel period are introduced and the playwright himself impersonated Andrew, one of the twelve apostles, in the New York performance. No attempt is made to portray the visible person of Christ in "Nazareth," but his presence is indicated in the most important scenes. In the trial scene, Christ's proximity is conveyed to the mind of the spectator by the theatrical device of a bright light thrown from the side; and shadows thrown on a transparent curtain make a picture of the Crucifixion. "The drama," observes the New York *Herald*, "was performed by an exceedingly capable cast, and was elaborately staged." It continues:

"The first chapter of 'Nazareth' showed a scene in the council-chamber in the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest, on the first of all Palm Sundays, during Christ's entry into Jerusalem. The action of the second scene was on the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem; the third, in the judgment-hall of Pontius Pilate, and the closing chapter on the road to Calvary.

"Through these last days and profoundly tragic events in the life and death of Christ, he was seen only through the eyes of the twelve disciples, the Roman soldiers, and the street crowds; but the intimate suggestions of his presence and participation were impressed with great dramatic skill.

"The performance was received with much enthusiasm, and with all the seriousness demanded by the ambition of the theme, which was interpreted without a flaw of possible offense.

"The leading characters in Mr. Greene's drama of Holy Week became Pontius Pilate, portrayed by A. S. Lipman; Judas Iscariot (Joseph R. Grismer), Matthew (Harry Woodruff), Peter (Henry R. Roberts), and Caiaphas (Nathaniel Hartwig). The story followed closely the narrative of the gospels in the important incidents."

The rumor was printed in the daily papers on the day following this performance that New York theatrical managers were seriously considering the presentation of a Passion Play; and, in view of the fact that a French Passion Play is at present being performed in Montreal before enormous audiences and with the tacit consent of the clergy, the report was widely credited. Public sentiment in New York, however, proved to be so hostile that the plan was at once abandoned. "I think the production of a Passion Play here would be ill-advised and unfortunate," said Bishop Potter, when approached on the subject; "the objections to it seem to me to far outweigh whatever advantage it may possess." In more emphatic language, Archbishop Corrigan de-

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clared: "To produce the Passion Play in this city would be to degrade the most holy of things. I voice the sentiments of the entire Catholic Church when I say that the mere suggestion of such a play is revolting and should meet with opposition at its conception."

The New York *Sun* recalls the fact that about twenty years ago Salmi Morse brought his "Passion Play" to New York from San Francisco. It was a fine production and cost $40,000. James O'Neill impersonated Christ, and in the cast were Lewis Morrison, James A. Herne, and others since conspicuous. During three weeks in San Francisco large audiences were drawn, but the leading actors were arrested every day and fined $50 each. At last the governor of California took prohibitive action.

The New York *Journal* thinks that "ignorant peasants may innocently enough portray in their gross and clumsy fashion the sufferings of Christ and those who followed him," but that actors or managers attempting it in New York "would be mobbed and would deserve to be mobbed." The New York *Evening Post* says:

"If there were not many other good reasons for this 'Hands off' to pushing managers and sensational playwrights, the offense which such a performance must give to all truly devout souls would be a sufficient cause for discouraging this proposed revival. It should be realized, too, that the life of the great sufferer for humanity was essentially undramatic. Its moral beauty was expressed often in passive endurance, at most in words or in slight intimate action which can not be adequately represented under the conditions which bind the actor. As soon as the touching episodes of the Scripture are put upon the stage, all the non-essentials are exaggerated for spectacular effect, and what was insignificant as regards religion becomes positively bad as regards art. It is the possibility of great spectacular scenes to which morbid curiosity will drive the public, and about which the sentimentality of the pious can be made to furnish infinite free advertising—it is this which stirs the imagination of managers to whom a crucifixion and a ballet are equally 'drawing features.' The dubious success of a few closet dramas, which have touched lightly the life of Christ, should not blind any one to the fact that any dramatization of the Passion is inevitably, under present conditions, a vulgarization of the supreme act of the most revered of lives. We can not believe that any manager, Christian or otherwise, will wish to revive the Passion in such form as must infallibly recall Judas, who sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

Of the Montreal Passion Play, which is now being presented without hindrance, and in which the person of Christ is directly introduced, the New York *Herald* says:

"The immense French National Theater in St. Lawrence Street, where the performances are being given, is constantly crowded with thousands of spectators. So far, Archbishop Bruchesi has not spoken on the subject, but scores of institutions, directly or indirectly under his control, are attending the production in bodies.

"The play has been referred to at length in many of the pulpits, and there has yet to be heard a word of condemnation. The play is in French, but English-speaking people are equally anxious to be present, and never in Montreal have so many persons sat through a play without the slightest idea of what words were being spoken, but yet were completely overcome by the remarkable acting, scenes, and situations, that in themselves suggest the dialog. It is no uncommon thing to see half the audience in tears during the Crucifixion scene.

"Since the piece was first presented there have been a few changes in the cast, and it is now composed almost entirely of French-Canadian actors who have had experience in France or the United States. There were several old-country actors, but at the end of last week they fell out with M. Julien Daoust, the proprietor, the result being that they got a 'Passion Play' of their own and went to Quebec with it. It was a disastrous failure, and has been given up.

"M. Daoust's financial position in the matter is one of the interesting features of the whole story. It may almost be said that he has come from poverty to affluence in two weeks. A struggling actor, playing at the various French theaters in this city, he announced that he believed that there was money in the 'Passion Play,' and, despite the protests of his friends, he got M. Germain Beauleau, a French-Canadian advocate, to write a two-hour version from the original Ober-Ammergau piece. In a single night success came to such an extent that already M. Daoust's profits are estimated at many thousand dollars.

"In the play M. Daoust assumes the part of Jesus, and his make-up is quite startling. His eyes are naturally sunken, and physically he is all that history suggests. In many respects the part of Judas is the best rôle in the play. It was brought out with much force by M. E. Meussot. The principal women in the cast are Mlle. Rhea, who appears as Madelene; Mlle. Johanna, a former member of Mr. Charles Frohman's forces, who takes the rôle of Martha, and Mme. Reid Bedard, who is Mary.

"The success of these performances is the more remarkable since all previous attempts to utilize the story of the Christ on the professional stage have proved so futile. In Montreal, several years ago, when the old theater near the Champ de Mars was running, an effort was made to produce a version of 'The Passion Play,' but it was promptly stopped by clerical disapproval."

PROFESSOR PEARSON'S NEW BOOK.

PROF. CHARLES W. PEARSON, who recently resigned his chair in the Northwestern University on account of the storm of criticism that was aroused by his public disavowal of belief in Biblical miracles, has written a book entitled "The Carpenter Prophet: A Life of Jesus Christ and a Discussion of His Ideals," in which he still further elucidates his religious views. In the present volume he retracts nothing, but attempts to prove that many of the fundamental beliefs of the Christian Church can not stand in the light of modern knowledge. "Upon this book," remarks the Chicago *Tribune*, "Mr. Pearson is said to have been engaged for a long term of years, and there can be no doubt that the ideas set forth in it have gradually taken possession of the writer until they have become a conviction. But many of the chapters appear to have been written recently, containing, as they do apparently, allusions to recent events. . . . The intention of Professor Pearson in writing this book is not that of the agnostic, the pessimist, or the wilful heretic. He writes to reassure those whom the spirit of the time has won from the worship of tradition, as he believes it to be, those who are emerging from 'the mesmeric influence of special education.'" The position taken by Professor Pearson is practically that of the Unitarian. He rejects the miraculous element in the Bible, as well as the idea of the trinity and of transubstantiation; but he affirms his belief in a personal God and in prayer.

Asserting in his preface that he writes to "undermine no man's faith" and to "destroy no man's hope," but rather to "substitute a larger and happier view of life for the narrow and gloomy one of 'orthodox' theology," he proceeds to consider the leading events in the life of Jesus. From his argument regarding the birth of Christ the following sentences are quoted:

"The doctrine of the immaculate conception of Jesus by the Holy Spirit is a figurative way of expressing one of the most important of all truths—viz.: that a pure birth is needful to a healthful life.

"Both Matthew and Luke agree in tracing the descent of Jesus through his father Joseph. This is evident testimony that in the earlier historic period there was no doubt that Jesus was the son of Joseph, since otherwise Joseph's descent would have been altogether unimportant.

"At the Reformation, Protestantism cut down the ranker growth of superstition, but it did not destroy its roots. In leaving the legends about the birth and miracles of Jesus, it retains the germs of every other wild exaggeration of the Acta Sanctorum. The life of Jesus in the Gospel implies a similar life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and that, a legend of Mary's mother, St. Anne."

Professor Pearson accepts Jesus in his manhood as a self-

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educated, passionate, and self-immolating poet and liberator and pays him eloquent tribute. "Jesus the man," he says, "is inexpressively beautiful and attractive; Jesus the demigod is still a fascinating creation of art; but the Jesus of Athanasius and Calvin and their followers, the angry and pitiless deity, is a revolting conception, essentially and basely pagan." Of Jesus as a teacher the author says:

"There is no trace in the teaching of Jesus of the influence of the drama as such, yet he is akin to Shakespeare in the natural qualities of his mind, in the quickness and range of his observation and sympathy, and in the ease with which he interpreted the human heart. . . . He talked of shepherds and fishermen, of farmers and merchants, of slaves and kings, of stewards and soldiers, of maidens and housewives, of mothers and children, of rich and poor, of sinners and saints, and knew what was in them all."

Prayer, as already stated, commands Professor Pearson's belief. "God is truth," he says, "and does not deceive us." But the thought of the actual presence in the sacrament of communion he regards as "mere fetishism and magical incantation, infinitely removed from the spirit of the religion of Jesus." Of hell he says:

"There is a hell, the hell of an evil conscience; but Jesus, tho he has delivered many from it, never descended into it. His body descended into the tomb and returned to the dust from which it was created, and his immortal spirit entered into everlasting life, and has uplifted, and will continue to uplift, countless others to sit with him in eternal joy and glory at the right hand of God."

The conclusion of his argument is as follows:

"The struggle for a genuine Christianity free from false philosophy and pagan error has been long and bitter, but the victory of truth and righteousness is drawing near. The ignorant have opposed the dead weight of their stupidity, the selfish and active ingenuity of their ambition, the bigoted, the fierce cruelty of their fanaticism against every social, political, and moral reform; yet, in spite of all, knowledge and freedom have increased.

"We are all descendants of hundreds of generations of pagans. The blood of the cave-dwellers, who thought the thunderbolt the dart of an angry god is in our veins. Our nerves still tremble with the superstitions which made altars reek with blood to propitiate the vengeful deities who scourged men with famine and pestilence. And so we still have a fading theology that makes Christ a mediator between an angry God and a suffering race of men and his death an atoning sacrifice. But all this is passing away, and we are coming to understand the simple Gospel of Jesus, the plain Gospel of purity, love, and service.

"We are not, as some timid persons seem to think, looking upon the sunset of faith, but are witnessing the sunrise of an immeasurably more glorious day, a millennium in which religion will not be an affair of one day in seven in the church, but of every day and every place; in which men will not serve with lip and knee only, not say Lord, Lord, and neglect justice and mercy, but one in which the spirit of Christ will be carried into the every-day life, into all the industries, all the business, and all the governments of the world."

Roman Catholic Chaplains for the British Navy.—An appeal is being made by the Irish members of Parliament, as yet without success, to obtain the appointment of Roman Catholic priests as seagoing chaplains in the British navy. They point out that tho there are now some 12,000 Roman Catholic sailors in the navy, there is not a single Roman Catholic chaplain at sea. Two priests serve as chaplains on shore, but their highest pay is just half of the highest pay received by Anglican chaplains. Says the London *Tablet:*

"The cruelty as well as the rank absurdity of the thing becomes apparent when we consider what are the respective functions of an Anglican and a Catholic chaplain. To the dying Catholic the presence of the priest means just this tremendous difference—the difference between going into eternity with his sins forgiven or unforgiven. To the dying Protestant his chaplain may talk consolingly, and that is all."

The Baltimore *Catholic Mirror* makes the following comment:

"Appeals to sense of justice count for little with Englishmen in authority, and especially in matters where the demands of bigotry must be withstood. More effective than this is the veiled threat of the Irish hierarchy that if priests are not provided as chaplains, Catholics will be warned against the danger of entering the service. Britain needs men to man her ships and needs Irishmen especially, because on account of Irish industrial stagnation she has more hopes of getting Irish than of getting well-fed English citizens to enlist in the service which is not the only door of opportunity open to them."

The New York *Sun* calls attention to the fact that the French Government, which has recently abolished the navy regulations making attendance at religious service compulsory, is now suppressing chaplaincies in the navy entirely.

IS HELL PREACHED ENOUGH?

IT is generally assumed by exponents of the "New Theology" that the apparently diminishing belief in hell and a personal devil is a thing to be rejoiced over, as marking a new stage in the progress of religious thought. To *The Christian Endeavor World* (Boston), however, hell is a very real place, and the diminishing emphasis of the church on it appears full of disaster to the "virile Christian preaching that has to do frankly and forcefully with the eternal truths." The same paper goes on to say:

"It should be preached. Because, in the first place, hell exists. The testimony of our Lord should be sufficient on this point. It is reinforced, however, tho reinforcement is not needed, by all the evidence of our reason and observation. We see many men growing worse and worse up to their dying day. We see their characters becoming absolutely fixed in evil and impenitence. Often they are unconscious of it, but we can see their punishment gathering slowly but surely around them, even in this life. We have no grounds in reasoning or revelation for expecting any change to be forced upon them in another life. Just as, on contemplating the sunset of a noble career, we are irresistibly led to imagine its continuance and increase in glory forever, so, in watching the last days of a bad man, instinctively we paint the picture of eternal wo. It seems reasonable to believe in heaven. It is not our reason, but our pity and our horror, that objects to the doctrine of hell.

"In the second place, hell should be preached because millions are going there. The world is growing better all the time, but it is still fearfully wicked, and no one can look abroad over it with the thought of eternity in his heart, and not tremble to view the enormous mass of misery speeding recklessly to its infinite doom.

"In the third place, hell should be preached because 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' The love of God is the end of wisdom; fear must come first. The reason why the church's love of God is often so weak is because it is not firmly founded upon respect for His authority and awe at His majestic power. Sinners must be made to feel the terrors of the law, before they will appreciate the graces of the Gospel.

"In the fourth place, even Christians need to be reminded of the peril of hell. We need to see the pit whence we were dug. We need to put more spirit into our daily prayer, 'Deliver us from evil.'"

The church, continues *The Christian Endeavor World*, will flourish only in proportion as men are brought to a "deep conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin," and its appeal to the sinner should not be, "The church needs you," but, rather, "You need Christ. Without Christ you are ruined for time and eternity." The Boston paper concludes:

"We are not advocating a return to the preaching of Jonathan Edwards, tho there were much salt in that. We do not care to have men fall swooning in our churches, and women half frantic

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with fear. But we do urge a preaching of hell in the same measure in which Christ preached it, and in the same manner he used. Soften the dread doctrine with the hope and assurances of the Gospel. Throw across the very mouth of hell a ray from the cross. But do not expect to win sinners till you have preached the whole truth, and testified, as solemnly as our Savior testified, to that terrible alternative, the place 'where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.'"

The Salt Lake *Tribune*, commenting on the arguments of *The Christian Endeavor World*, declares that in reading them "one is irresistibly reminded of the old-fashioned revival." It adds:

"We have all heard the hellfire-and-damnation sermon. We have all listened to the revivalist who says: 'Oh, my unredeemed brethren, the fires of hell are yawning for you. For thousands and millions and billions of years you are going to suffer the scorching pangs of the pit unless you accept salvation to-night. "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."'

"That style of preaching has gone out of date, and one does not have to search far to find the reason. The man who was scared into the church—and most of those who listened to such sermons were scared into the church—backslid just as soon as the first frenzy of terror had passed. Unregenerated he remained until the next revivalist came along and once more lashed him to the mourners' bench. The almost absolute uselessness of the 'hell's-fire sermon,' so far as lasting results are concerned, was long since made apparent. It is surprising, therefore, to find in *The Christian Endeavor World* an argument in favor of returning to old methods."

IS DARWINISM ON THE DECLINE?

NOWHERE have the merits and demerits of the evolutionary theory of Darwin and his friends been more hotly debated than in Germany, especially in the religious bearings of the theory. So strong has the opposition become both among theologians and naturalists that Professor Zöckler, in the *Beweis des Glaubens*, declares that Darwinism is on the decline. His statements are in substance as follows:

Notwithstanding the phenomenal success achieved by Charles Darwin in the proclamation of his evolution theory, which spread into other realms of thought than that of natural philosophy, it must be stated that the supremacy of this philosophy has not been such as was predicted by its defenders at the outset. A mere glance at the history of the theory during the four decades that it has been before the public shows that the beginning of the end is at hand. This theory had reached its acme of popularity about the close of Darwin's life (1882), but since that time there has been a slow but sure retrogression. This retrogression assumed the form of a constantly increasing number of naturalists who have come out in opposition, at any rate in opposition to it in its original form. This process of disintegration has already to a great extent undermined the theory and shown its weakness. So great is the difference between the original Darwinian theory and the substitute that is now taking its place that the resemblance can often scarcely be recognized. The biology of the future will practically contain nothing of the one-sided monistic form of the development theory as formulated by Darwin and Haeckel, notwithstanding the loud and long protests of the followers of the latter to the contrary.

What is considered by Professor Zöckler as the best statement of the present status of the theory is given in the recent work of the Würzburg philosopher, Dr. Stölzle, on "Kölliker and his Relations to Darwinism." Kölliker is eighty-four years of age and a veteran authority in his branch; but notwithstanding his leaning toward a certain type of Darwinism, especially in his rejection of miracles and of interference with natural processes, he on all real points of issue is against the English naturalist. His opposition is chiefly on these points:

1. Darwinism does not explain the connection and harmony of the different classes of organisms.

2. Its utility principles do not explain the phenomena for which it aims to account.

3. The absence of real transitions of one species to another in our day, or in former days as far as we can trace, is an element of weakness.

In addition to Kölliker, Professor Zöckler gives the views of a large number of German and other Continental naturalists who antagonize the theory.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE "NAMELESS EPISTLE" IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THERE is at once an allurement and a provocation in any great book the origin and the authorship of which are uncertain. Many of the most famous books of the world, remarks *The Christian Commonwealth* (London), have been published anonymously. The "Letters of Junius" still excite discussion as to their authorship. "Waverley" created a great sensation when first issued, and for many months speculation was rife as to the identity of the writer. A remarkable proof of the genius of Lord Lytton was furnished by the fact that "The Coming Race," published near the end of his life without his name upon the title-page, aroused such general interest. *The Christian Commonwealth* continues:

"The one epistle of the New Testament which is clouded by the double doubt of origin and authorship is in some respects the most wonderful of the sixty-six treatises which make up the Bible. It transcends all other Scripture portions in that peculiar elevation which belongs to thought expressed without rhetoric. It is full of pure logic. It is sublime in the loftiness of its immediate ascent into the realm of Deity. The Epistle to the Hebrews contains the grandest argument extant in application to the pure humanity of the Messiah as exhibited in his sacerdotal office. In no other part of the Bible do we gain so picturesque an exposition of the typology of Mosaic ritual."

Prof. A. S. Peake, lecturer in Lancashire Independent College and formerly Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, is the editor of a new volume on the "Epistle to the Hebrews," in which he discusses at some length the various theories of its authorship. "Nothing is so certain with respect to the authorship," he says, "as the negative conclusion that it was not written by Paul." He considers in turn the claims of Silas, Luke, Clement, Barnabas, Peter, and Apollos, but without arriving at any definite conclusion. The most curious conjecture is that of Professor Harnack, of Berlin, who suggests that a woman, Priscilla, wrote the book; and this theory has found many supporters. Says *The Christian Commonwealth:*

"We suppose we can never hope to know who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. . . . It is, however, not this question of authorship which is of any real moment. Infinitely more important is the matter of date. It is remarkable how unanimous is the consensus of critical opinion that the letter was written before the end of the first century. Even the 'Encyclopedia Biblica' locates its chronology thus. This fact makes it evident that even the most destructive of the higher critics are constrained to spare us this precious section of Holy Writ. If all our great scholars thus allow that the Letter was written in the apostolic age, reassurance may take full possession of every evangelical mind. The book is genuine. No investigator seems even inclined to doubt that the earliest churches were familiar with it. Thus, the epistle which points most vividly to Christ, both in his earthly history and his heavenly offices, is admitted to have been written while many people were alive who were born before his death. Here is an evidence of the truth of Christianity which no infidel attacks can ever shatter."

THE "Gore case" in England has been finally settled. "The new Bishop of Worcester has been consecrated and enthroned, and has entered upon the work of his diocese," observes the London *Church Review*: "the prosecution of the objections to his confirmation have been definitely abandoned; the Erastian view of Episcopal appointments is now equally definitely set up." The ceremony was performed a few weeks ago by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Worcester Cathedral, the oath being administered by the Dean of Worcester.

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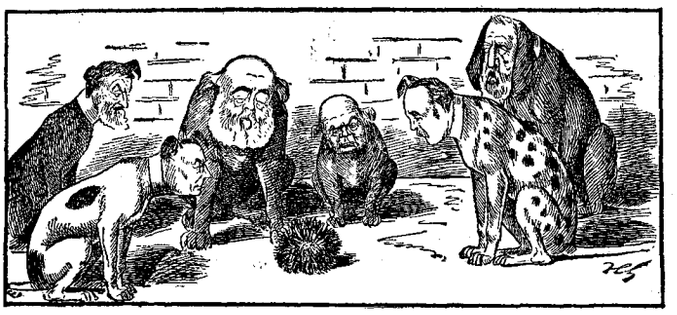
FOREIGN TOPICS.

ABANDONMENT OF KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

THE first result of the abandonment of King Edward's contemplated visit to Ireland is a shower of heated comment that seems little calculated to promote good feeling. Thus the London *Times*:

"The disgraceful action of a portion of the Irish members on Monday night has been followed, as we anticipated, by an official announcement that the royal journey to the sister kingdom has been abandoned for the present. The King, by the advice of his ministers, has expressed his regret to the lord lieutenant that the visit of their majesties to Ireland can not take place this year. This decision will cause profound disappointment to the Unionist party among the Irish nation, and, as we confidently believe, regret no less acute among tens of thousands of Nationalists, who lack the moral courage to express their real sentiments, but who are keenly sensible of the advantages to be derived from the presence of royalty. They must recognize, however, that it is the natural consequence of the flagrant display of disloyalty and seditious feeling in which some of their representatives have chosen to indulge. After such an outburst from men who have been returned to serve in the imperial Parliament by Irish constituencies, His Majesty may naturally and rightly feel that it would hardly be proper that he should honor their shores with his presence during the continuance of the war."



A PRICKLY SUBJECT.

It is said that the Cabinet decided at their Council on Tuesday not to interfere, at present at all events, with the United Irish League by proclaiming it a "dangerous association."

—*Westminster Gazette* (London).

A less acrimonious tone is that of the London *Standard*, which comments:

"Disappointment may be confessed that circumstances do not permit of the fulfilment of the sovereign's wish and the desires of their loyal subjects. But it must be owned that on general grounds the postponement is not wholly to be deplored. A period of political unrest and of greater or less conflict between the public authorities and an agitation which sets aside the ordinary law would scarcely be propitious for a royal progress. Unfortunately, it can not be doubted that, so far as depends upon the organizers and instruments of the United Irish League, there is a settled purpose to promote trouble."

Irish newspapers discuss the abandonment of the visit with warmth. *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin), the Home-Rule paper, says responsibility for the matter rests with the ministers, not with the King:

"His ministers could not venture to allow the King to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears the barbarous methods of the Castle and the deep resentment of the people. His presence would have been a sore encumbrance to the coercionists. There was imminent danger that his visit might have converted him to Home Rule or confirmed an existing conviction. Therefore his ministers have in their own interests, and the interests of unionism, forbidden his visit to Ireland."

A hope that "before Lord Cadogan ends a viceroyalty which has been singularly distinguished by brilliant incidents, the King and Queen will have visited the Irish capital," is expressed by *The Irish Times* (Dublin), and *The Daily Express* (Dublin) says:

"During recent months the English public has been passing through a rapid process of enlightenment as regards the condition of Irish affairs. The announcement which will be made this morning in every newspaper in the country will, we hope, complete that process. The United Irish League, Englishmen were told three years ago by Mr. Gerald Balfour, would speedily fall by its own weight. The Local Government Act, they were assured on the same high authority, would effectively reconcile Nationalists to the bond of union with the greatest empire in the world. Two days ago the English public found this beneficent policy bearing fruit in the cheers of the Nationalists members of Parliament at the defeat and capture of a gallant English general. To-day they will learn that the kindness of the Irish Government to disloyalty and sedition has obliged the King's ministers to dissuade him from his proposed visit to his kingdom of Ireland."

HOLLAND'S ABSORPTION BY GERMANY.

GERMANY'S alleged intention to absorb Holland was the subject recently of a long article in the London *Times*. A book by the German professor, Ernest von Halle, entitled "Economics and Sea-Power," was the basis of the article. Professor von Halle, we are told, is "one of the ablest of the younger professors in Germany, and advocated the Emperor's views in the agitation for an increase of the fleet." Says *The Times* correspondent:

"At this juncture, when the Dutch have been systematically educated to regard the English as their worst enemies, it will certainly do good and clear the atmosphere of continental politics of sundry misunderstandings if attention be called to Professor von Halle's deliberate plea for the incorporation of Holland in the German confederation. This more especially at a moment when Germany is courting the friendship of the United States by Prince Henry's visit. In this connection I may mention as a significant fact that Professor von Halle, while representing the eventual absorption of Holland and all the Dutch colonies by Germany as a matter of course, entirely ignores the Monroe Doctrine, altho there is excellent reason to believe that the United States would never permit Dutch Guiana and the islands of the Dutch West Indies to become German possessions. He does this regardless of the mischief of accustoming public opinion in Germany to such impossible designs and of the danger attending an outbreak of patriotic indignation in the German empire whenever America has occasion to interpose her veto."

The German professor is well aware of Dutch objections, but he has a way to meet them:

"According to Professor von Halle all authorities agree that the large and varied interests of Germany in the Dutch colonies are exceeded by those of no other country. Her trade with those territories is constantly progressing, and is bound to increase still more with the development of German shipping in the East Indian Archipelago. England in particular must yield to us [Germans] the leading position in shipping and trade which she has hitherto held in those regions. It is these circumstances which appear to give real value to the acquisition by Germany of the Caroline Islands and the other adjoining islands, as it prevents the Dutch colonies from being entirely shut in by the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers. Holland is conscious of the dangers which might one day approach her from the Philippines and the Sulu Islands, or from Singapore, the Straits Settlements, and Borneo, and which she would be utterly powerless to avert single-handed."

The subject is taken up with interest by the English papers, the anti-American *Saturday Review* (London) saying:

"It would be far better for England that the Dutch West Indian colonies should pass into the power of Germany than of the United States. German power can never seriously threaten us in the New World; it may rather assist us; while American pre-

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dominance—whether the people have good will or bad will toward us—must necessarily be a source of constant anxiety."

"America announces through Captain Mahan that if Holland is absorbed, her American colonies must be given up," says *The Spectator* (London):

"German opinion is, however, formed by pamphlets of this kind; the desire to absorb Holland, and so acquire ships, colonies, and commerce at a blow, is very keen; and it must be acknowledged that the geographical position of the little country makes the desire of the bigger one quite natural. Germans own the Hinterland but not the coast—a cause of daily irritation."

"The question is not at all new and has already been dispassionately and carefully considered," says the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which, in a matter of this sort, is fairly representative of German opinion:

"We have here—apart from the purely academic forecast of Holland's future—the highly comical situation of the English playing the part of protectors to 'Holland in need.' The English are the very ones who for the past two hundred years have pillaged the Dutch in the most shameless way and brought them down from their greatness. In the Cape, as in Japan and formerly in the East Indies, the Dutch have been oppressed by the English now so guiltless, whereas the Prussians in 1787, as in 1817, freely rendered, under Bülow, the aid solicited of them to the house of Orange."

The Dutch papers do not seem alarmed at the prospect, relying, as they do, upon Europe's guaranty of their independence. Such is evidently the attitude of the *Nieuws van den Dag* (Amsterdam), while the *Handelsblad* says:

"The writer of the article [on the German professor's book] tells an anecdote that is worth remembering in this connection. Prince Bismarck met the bright Dutch diplomatist, Baron van Heekeren, at a German resort, and asked if the Dutch monarch would like the absorption of Holland by Germany. If so, the Dutch King would be made commander of the German navy. The Baron answered that the King would not deem that a promotion. However, a good understanding with the German empire is and will remain a necessity to our country. More of a promotion than that we hope to be guarded from throughout the twentieth century."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

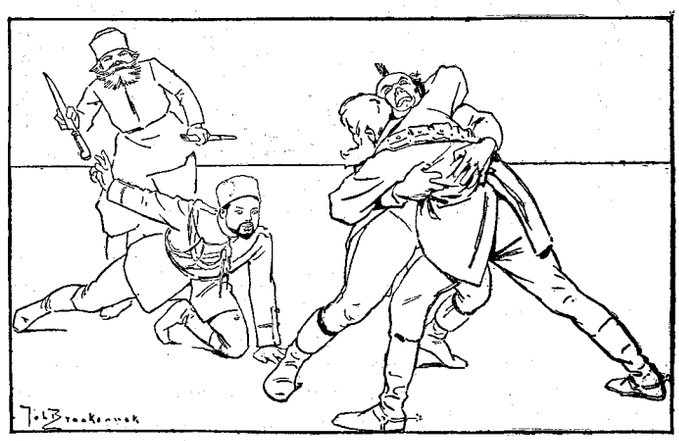
GENERAL METHUEN'S DEFEAT.

IT would be difficult to convey an idea of the plenitude of European comment upon Lord Methuen's defeat and capture in South Africa by the Boer General De la Rey. Methuen's subsequent release by the Boers increases the comment. English papers attribute the affair to "accident" or "ill luck." Thus *The Westminster Gazette* (London):

"It may be that the reverse suffered by Lord Methuen is in its immediate aspects to be explained by the theory of 'sheer ill-fortune.' . . . Certainly the stampeding of the mules and the confusion which followed are incidents which would tax the resources of the most capable commander, and not less certainly there will be widespread sympathy for Lord Methuen, who for the last two years has won golden opinions by his persistence and admirable courage in a most wearisome task. But when we read the despatches, and, still more, when we look back on the recent course of events in the Western Transvaal, we are obliged to surmise other reasons which will need to be carefully examined. Until the last few weeks De la Rey, who is undoubtedly the most daring and skilful of the Boer commanders, had been out of action. Report said that he had been attacked by typhoid fever and was slowly recovering. At the end of February he suddenly came to life again and struck the heavy blow at the convoy near Klerksdorp which cost us 630 men killed, wounded, and captured. On March 3, a week after this disaster, Lord Kitchener reported that 'Kekewich and Grenfell's columns are pursuing De la Rey's forces, which are reported to have scattered, and Lord Methuen has started with a column from Vryburg toward Lichtenburg to try and intercept the enemy.' It was apparently in the course of this operation that Lord Methuen suffered his disaster."

As for the impression made upon the English mind by the Boers' release of Methuen, it is perhaps most adequately conveyed in this utterance of the London *Times*:

"In releasing him the Boers are following a general policy dictated by their inability to retain prisoners except upon conditions which hamper their own movements to an intolerable degree. It is obvious, however, that the considerations which forbid them to hold numbers of prisoners do not apply to a single prisoner of high military rank whom they might have thought it desirable to keep in their hands. We need not speculate on the question whether Lord Methuen would have been detained had he been unwounded. It is enough to know that in his crippled condition his captor has placed humanity and chivalry before all the considerations that might otherwise have influenced his conduct. He has refused to take the responsibility of detaining a wounded man at the cost of inflicting upon him the exquisite torture of incessant jolting in a wagon traveling over rough country. We do not know the precise nature or gravity of Lord Methuen's injury. But we have been told that his thigh has been fractured, and this points to a condition of affairs which, at the lowest, may become very serious in the absence of rest and surgical attention. In such circumstances the action taken by De la Rey is such as was to be expected from one who has always borne a high character for humanity, good feeling, and enlightenment."



A SOUTH AFRICAN PERIL.

RUSSIA (to the Emir of Afghanistan): "John Bull has his hands full with the Boers. I'll take the opportunity to wound him in the heel."
—*De Amsterdammer Weekblad voor Nederland.*

The release of Methuen should lead to the release of Kritzinger by the British, according to *The Daily News* (London), to which *The St. James's Gazette* (London) replies:

"There is no parallel between the cases of Lord Methuen and Kritzinger. The latter is, we do not doubt, receiving all the attention and consideration which the best medical skill can provide in a hospital hundreds of miles from the battle-field. He is on his trial for grave offenses, which if proved against him can be in no way excused by the existence of a state of war. It is at least doubtful whether in addition he is not a rebel instead of a legitimate belligerent. No such charge could have been brought by the Boers against Lord Methuen."

Sympathy with Methuen personally is voiced in the Irish press, *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin), saying:

"Nobody will refuse sympathy with the captured general. We can not forget that he behaved like a gentleman over the death of Villebois-Mareuil, whom some other British generals were libeling as a mercenary adventurer. The man who wrote the letter to the French colonel's brother and raised a memorial over his fallen foe is entitled to consideration."

French newspapers are critical, but not exultant at the disaster. The *Matin* (Paris) recalls Methuen's chivalrous treatment

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of Villebois-Mareuil. The *Courrier du Soir* (Paris) says the most critical period of the war, for England, has arrived. The *Journal des Débats* (Paris) insists that while the defeat is serious, it can not really change the situation. The *Temps* infers from the defeat that snobbery reigns in English officialdom in spite of everything:

"Many have alleged that his (Methuen's) social position, his connections, his popularity in society, the chronic snobbery of the War Department, Lord Roberts's liking for well-born and well-related people, have won him impunity for his faults."

The German newspapers of the official and semi-official classes are more or less sympathetic, acting upon instructions, it is alleged. But the anti-English *Lokal Anzeiger* (Berlin) is not reserved in expressing its pleasure. The *Berliner Post* thinks Methuen's capacity inferior. The *Tageblatt* (Berlin) says Methuen's defeat is the Boer reply to England's rejection of peace. The *Kleine Journal* (Berlin) thinks it a blow to British prestige. The *Neueste Nachrichten* (Berlin) says the English will now make peace. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* says:

"The moral effect of this latest English misfortune will not be underestimated. . . . We do not believe that the official statements repeatedly made in the House of Commons to the effect that the war is approaching its end have the slightest foundation in fact."

In Holland the comment of the newspapers is jubilant. The *Telegraf* says "the moral effect of the triumph can not be overvalued and the Boers will obtain another lease of life." In Spain the newspapers are for once, apparently, unanimous, Madrid journals such as the Liberal *Heraldo*, *Imparcial*, and *Globo*, the Republican *Liberal* and *País*, the Clerical *Siglo Futuro*, and the Carlist *Correo Español* all rejoicing in the victory over Methuen and pronouncing it fortunate for humanity. Italian papers are differently inspired, the *Patria* (Rome) and *Tribuna* (Rome) admiring the coolness and steadiness of the English and advising the Boers to yield.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS AGAINST GERMAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE contrasts brought out so sharply during Prince Henry's trip to this country are now engaging the attention of German newspapers, and even of the press outside of Germany. There has ensued, in fact, a comparison between American institutions and German institutions, the trend of which is denoted by the following from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

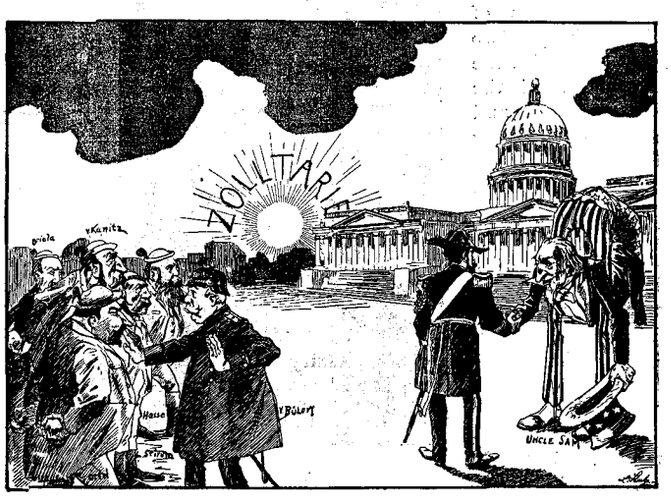
"Those who think the maintenance of order throughout a princely trip impossible without a great force of police and military, must be impressed by the ease with which it is accomplished in a self-governing community. It is to be hoped Prince Henry will not fail, upon his return to Berlin, to report his experiences in this respect fully. . . . Especially noteworthy is the extraordinary appreciation which Prince Henry, in his brother's name, testified for the American press. As we are not aware that the moral quality of the American press is higher than that of the European, and especially of the German press, one may reasonably anticipate that Emperor William will transfer some of his esteem for the American press to the home press. Until now the impression has been that in German official circles representatives of the press ranked not even with non-commissioned officers, to say nothing of 'commanding generals.' In Prussia it would be thought a thing unheard of for an inferior officer under punishment to be led bound through the streets, as has repeatedly happened to German newspaper editors. Only when a certain prestige was sought, as, for instance, at the opening of the North Sea Canal, where the foreign press was likewise represented, was the German press given the consideration to which it is entitled. If Prince Henry's trip through the United States effects a change in the point of view from which certain elements at home regard the press, that would be a most unexpected but highly desirable result."

In comparing American newspaper editors with his own commanding generals in importance, Emperor William did not say whether he approved or disapproved of the manners of the Americans, says the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), an organ of the middle classes; but it is to be hoped that he approved. The *Berliner Tageblatt* observes:

"Is not this reverence for the press merely a German export article, of no use at home? Was not the Emperor's bright saying, as repeated by Prince Henry, 'that editors rank almost with my commanding generals,' framed only for the other side of the water? Whoever knows anything of our domestic manners and customs must, unfortunately, think so."

This sort of comment displeases the conservative *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which says the flattery of the Americans in which royalty indulged has gone to the heads of some at home. It says that Prince Henry also compared the press to numberless submarine mines:

"These mines go off at times in the most unexpected ways. Prince Henry added that American naval history teaches us to pay no attention to mines, if any are in our way. He had only to mention the name of Farragut. If the text of the speech in this place is accurately given in the cabled translation, this



GERMAN IDEAS AND AMERICAN IDEAS.

GUARDIAN BÜLOW: "Don't crowd, gentlemen, don't crowd!"
VOICES FROM THE REAR: "Then see that the way is cleared. We have business to transact with Uncle Sam."

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

seems to us like a reference to the Pauncefote matter and the press campaign so actively carried on here and there since Samoa and Manila days. The last mine went off, as is known, just when the prince departed, in the shape of the New York *Herald's* announcement that Prince Henry had sent Admiral Dewey a letter of excuse on account of Admiral von Diederich's conduct at Manila. This announcement Prince Henry personally contradicted just before he went on board. There was no telling what other mines would go off, and it was with this in mind that the words of the Prince to the American press representatives were spoken."

German institutions may be modified by American ideals, in the opinion of the liberal weekly, the *Nation* (Berlin), which says:

"Prince Henry will return from the great republic on the other side of the ocean with impressions that may have a bearing upon our domestic development in Germany. The powerful growth of this republic, the conspicuous number of individuals who have raised themselves from the poorest circumstances to positions of first importance, will show him in the clearest way that the modern world demands men different from those that can be produced by the Prussian aristocracy."

An interpretation of American institutions for the benefit of Germans has been made in the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) by the

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editor of the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, through the medium of a series of articles on the Monroe Doctrine. The writer, Georg von Skal, says:

"The American people are firmly convinced that their form of government is the best in all the world. With very unusual exceptions, there is no arguing on this point with even the most enlightened Americans. They will invariably conclude with the observation that the worst republic is preferable to the best monarchy, and the admission that anything good can be connected with monarchy as such is a great concession."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE BOER ENVOYS.

EUROPEAN newspapers, with the exception of those of England, are beginning to attack President Roosevelt for his treatment of the Boer envoys, whom he received as individuals merely and to whom he communicated the official neutrality of the United States in the Boer war. Says the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin):

A. D. WOLMARANS.

C. U. WESSELS.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DELEGATES.

"The talks of the envoys two years ago with the President of the United States and with the Secretary of State were fruitless, but they bore the impress of kindliness. Then, as well, McKinley had to tell them that after the rejection of his overtures by the English cabinet he must adhere to the policy of strict neutrality. But his words had the ring of warm good-will, perhaps only because the Presidential election was in prospect. McKinley might, by gruff rejection of the Boer envoys, have alienated the sympathies and votes of many voters. Mr. Roosevelt's repudiation of all intervention in the struggle seems, from the accounts before us, to be the outcome of cold calculation."

There was a great difference, too, in the treatment accorded the envoys in New York from the warm reception of two years ago, according to the same paper. The metropolis in 1900 greeted them enthusiastically, while in 1902 it did not notice them. The *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), which condemns "imperialism" in the United States, says:

"The United States, it seems, made an effort at the beginning of the war. Mr. McKinley, it will be remembered, asked England if she would consider an offer of mediation as an unfriendly act. The offer was declined with all possible courtesy, and the Washington Government after that could have engaged only in violent intervention. But Mr. Roosevelt might have taken it upon himself to ask London if Great Britain was still in the same frame of mind and if she remained firm in her refusal to accept the mediation of a foreign Power. The reply can be foreseen, but the action, simultaneous with or immediately following the action of the Netherlands, would have had a powerful moral effect."

Mr. Kruger's disappointment is referred to as "powerful":

"That the illustrious old man should feel disappointed will be readily understood. But it must not be overlooked that the Boers will need the good offices of foreign Powers when they have decided to negotiate without reference to the question of the independence of the republics."

A proposition to appoint a mission of peace "dependent upon no nation" is made in the *Deutsche Revue* (Berlin):

"The sentiments of all humanity are with the Boers, but the policy of every one of the Powers forbids all intervention in this most deplorable war. The danger of a world in flames would be more fearful and much worse even than this guerilla war."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

"Drink Coercion" in Germany.—Three fatal duels have recently been fought in Germany by members of important social circles, and the close connection that seems to have been established between the drinking customs of Germany and these duels has elicited from a Leipsic professor, Dr. Rudolph Fick, a protest against what he calls "the "drink coercion" that prevails. No one, he writes in the Berliner *Tageblatt*, dreams of demanding universal total abstinence all of a sudden, tho he believes that science and vital statistics demonstrate its desirability; but when, he asks, are we going to stop this compulsory drinking that creates such an infinite amount of harm? He writes:

"It surely must be within possibility to gradually suppress this disastrous compulsory drinking and the *Kneipt Comments* that are proving the ruin of innumerable young people. Why should it be necessary for everybody to partake of intoxicating liquor, even for those to whom it is distasteful or injurious? Where is the 'manliness' in inflating the stomach with a large quantity of alcoholic liquid; why should it be particularly 'manly' to vie with one another in drinking spirits; why not in drinking water, why not in eating roast veal? Why this coercion just with regard to alcohol? No one ever dreams of constraining another to use seltzer water, or coffee, or tea. In short, this alcohol fanaticism, this intolerance on the part of a drinking public, this persistent subjection of those who are not inclined to drink to ridicule, derision, and constraint . . . we must prevent. People ought to be at liberty to let drinking alone, or to use beverages that contain no alcohol, without danger of insult. And just for the attainment of this object, the spread of total abstinence is of the utmost importance. . . . As long as intoxication is considered no disgrace for respectable people, as long as even in joke people are suffered to quote, 'He who never has been drunk is not an upright man,' we shall continue to lament occurrences like those at Insterburg, Morchingen, and Jena."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

IF WALDECK-ROUSSEAU HAD DIED?—"We do not wish the death of the sinner, and God knows if this man is one," observes the clerical *Correspondant* (Paris) of the recent accident to the French Premier; "but on learning of the event which might have been so fatal, we could not refrain from asking ourselves a question which M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in the painful leisure his wounds have brought him, has perhaps asked himself. What would have happened had he succumbed to this terrible shock? What impression would his death have made? What regrets would there have been? How many, outside the always narrow circle of intimate affection, would have thought of shedding tears at his loss?"

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NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A PEN BALLADE FROM SOUSA.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Cloth, 7⅝ x 5½ inches, 125 pp. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

IN these days when everybody writes, it is not surprising that John Philip Sousa, the energetic bandmaster, should make a plunge into literature and prove that he has "more than one string to his bow." "The Fifth String" is a musical romance with a strong love interest and a generous dash of the preternatural. His English and style are sufficiently commendable. But it is a heavy undertaking to introduce the devil to one's readers convincingly, so that they take him seriously. The fault Mr. Sousa falls into is that he projects his Satanic majesty flippantly, and then quite gravely sets forth his potency.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

A pushing impresario brings over a wonderful violinist, Angelo Diotti, who meets Mildred Walker, the limitlessly beautiful daughter of a banker, at a reception the evening preceding that of his début at the Academy of Music. He falls in love with her even before he is introduced. Then Mr. Sousa puts an awful obstacle in the path of the young violinist. The lady has never been moved by music! She says to him, in her beautiful sincerity: "I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic Brownies."

Angelo, of course, immediately reflected that she had not heard *him* play! When she did, it would not be to think of the very different sounds to which his violin strings were contributing when resident in their natural owners. But alas! while the Academy is yelling its delight over his masterly virtuosity, "Mildred Walker, scrutinizing the program, merely drew her wrap closer about her shoulders and sat more erect." Yet he had "unquestionably scored the greatest triumph of his career." Could anything be worse!

Diotti bolts, and, flying to the Bahamas, leases a small *cay* and tries to learn to play the violin! He gets out of patience and, smashing his "Strad," cries on the prince of darkness to help him. This obliging individual promptly appears and presents his credentials: a visiting-card with "Satan" engraved on it and in the lower left-hand corner, "Prince of Darkness."

Satan gives him a violin possessing one dark string with two white ones on either side. He tells Diotti that this is "wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man, and that to play upon it is to die at once." He cheerfully adds that this need make no difference to so skilled a bow as Diotti.

Of course, Diotti takes it, and what happens one may discover by perusing Mr. Sousa's little book. If the opera-bouffe introduction of the Devil doesn't balk one, the rest is easy and rather interesting, altho the "Fifth String" has not a happy ending. How could such a string have!

THE REAL SWITZERLAND.

SWISS LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Alfred T. Story. Cloth, 5 x 7½ inches, 282 pp. Price, $1.20 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

IT has been the fate of Switzerland to be regarded as a sort of show place for the rest of the world. The ordinary tourist will hardly get a glimpse of the real life of the people if he follow only the beaten line of travel. The individualities of other countries thrust themselves even on the blindest of sightseers; but in Switzerland, in the route of travel, there is nothing in sight but elaborate preparations for the traveler that he may enjoy the incomparable scenery in comfort; even the national costumes that he sees he knows are put on for his benefit. And after a time the whole country seems like an elaborate setting for an opera that never takes place. Books like Mr. Alfred T. Story's "Swiss Life in Town or Country" give the other side of Switzerland; what the life is that goes on, on the foothills of the spectacular mountains, and in those parts of the Swiss cities not occupied by the Hotels Beauregard and Bellevue. Considered as a whole, Mr. Story's book is an interesting one. He was fortunate, in the first place, as to his subject; and his manner of treating it, while not brilliant, is very acceptable, and goes as deep into the subject as the space permits. It is not a book that is written from within. It is manifestly the work of a man who knew a good deal of his subject to start with, and then conscientiously "looked it up" before writing his book. But if the book is written by an outsider, it was written by a sympathetic one and one capable of making his readers come in touch with his subject. His second chapter, "The Struggle with Nature," is a peculiarly suggestive one, especially if the reader has had the habit of looking on the mountains of Switzerland as a magnificent spectacle placed there by a beneficent Providence that he and his fellow tourists might enjoy the view or do a little amateur mountain-climbing.

It has always been the conventional thing to admire the Swiss character, when one thought about it at all, and Mr. Story gives succinct reasons for this admiration in his chapters on public education, philanthropic work, and national industry. For the little Swiss republic manages all its housekeeping with a precision that is the despair of the more unwieldy nations, and Mr. Story gives with very few words a very clear idea of how it is done.

THE LIFE OF A FLAWLESS QUEEN.

V. R. I. HER LIFE AND EMPIRE. By The Marquis of Lorne, K. T. (now His Grace the Duke of Argyll). Cloth, 5½ x 8½ inches, 378 pp. Price, $.150. Harper & Bros., New York.

IT would be bad taste for any one to write an uncomplimentary life of his deceased mother-in-law; and in worse taste if the mother-in-law happened to have been Queen of England. At the same time, the Marquis of Lorne could have made his book something else than a song of praise, and yet not have tarnished the memory of this illustrious lady. "V. R. I." is the title of the book, and it is as Victoria Regina Imperatrix that the queen appears throughout its pages. Every aspect of the Queen shown by the author is the queen of the robes of state, saying and doing with automatic precision exactly what a conscientious queen, bent on playing her part well, would do and say.

We are told that in certain homes of the British middle classes, Burke's "Peerage" and the family Bible form the most conspicuous part of the household library, and "V. R. I." by the Marquis of Lorne, now his Grace the Duke of Argyll, would form a worthy pendant for the Peerage. It is so eminently what a person of the middle class would desire his queen to be, so decorous, practising in an imperial way all the domestic virtues, rearing any number of little princes and princesses with regal simplicity—a fine figure of all that was dearest to the heart of the British matron. No new light is thrown by this book on the character of the Queen. It will not be here that the future historians of the Victorian era will look for material, for the Marquis of Lorne has tried to draw a picture of a faultless woman and perfect queen. The touches of human nature that exist in the book have found their way there in spite of the author. Occasional notes from the diary of the girl queen who "loved to be gay" sound a human note that has persistently been stifled. The account of the Queen's childhood given in "V. R. I." is familiar to every one who read the jubilee editions of the English papers. Many of them are as familiar as the lamentable "I did it with my little hatchet" story.

MARQUIS OF LORNE.

There are some amusing passages in the book, however. The story of the Queen's courtship and betrothal is told most naïvely, the author being quite innocent of the fact that the irreverent might find it funny. After the Queen's proposing and confessing that she does not feel worthy of her prince, for all the world like a well-regulated suitor of the other sex, we find the prince, too, writing home to his mother: "Oh, the future! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home and of you? I can not think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me," exactly like a reluctant young lady. It will take a true Mid-Victoria nature to find much substance to this book.

NEGRO HUMOR BY A NEGRO.

THE BLACK CAT CLUB. NEGRO HUMOR AND FOLK-LORE. By James D. Corrothers. Silhouette illustrations by J. K. Bryans. Cloth, 4½ x 7½ inches, 264 pp. Price, $1.00, net. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE date of publication of "The Black Cat Club" should be commemorated by cultivated people of color as a second "Emancipation Day." Small and unpretentious as the book is, it marks the beginning of the independence of the literature pertaining to the American negro. The humor of the black race has, in particular, been too much under the domination of white men. The early "Jim Crow" idea of negro fun held sway for many years in this country and is still supreme in England. And the later "Uncle Remus" conception, while it takes a true and somewhat typical specimen for subject, never-

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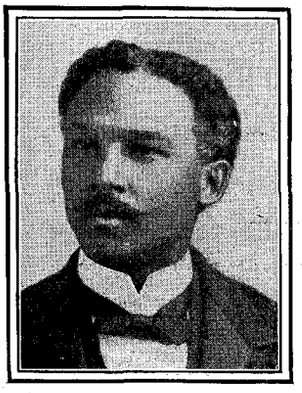
theless views him through an atmosphere of kindly, yet obscuring, sentimentality. In short, it is unconsciously patronizing.

Even writers with colored blood in their veins have had the white man's view imposed upon them. The negro is by nature imitative.



JAMES D. CORROTHERS.

So Paul Dunbar, whose mastery over accepted literary forms makes him the equal of any American minor poet, is, when he comes to write negro stories and sketches, mastered in turn by these same literary canons. He makes his characters plot and plan, because of the necessity in his own mind to round out the narrative in the way approved by Prof. Brander Matthews's "Philosophy of the Short-story."

Now the negro does not plot. His humor is "touch-and-go." His stories are pointless in form, tho so insinuating in quality that they can never after be crowded out of the mind. Certain phrases, such as "Ole Massa' Gone to Phillimoyo'k" (the title of a folk-tale in the present book), are overflowing with such natural, spontaneous humor that any number of varying stories could be built around each. In fact, "protean" is the adjective that exactly applies to negro folk-lore—so elusive is the secret of its informing principle.

There is no logic, and only the semblance of literary "form," about Mr. Corrothers's book. The Club, whose proceedings it records, is an organization with an utterly fantastic purpose, the worship of The Black Cat. The place selected is Chicago, where every type of negro and of negro dialect is to be found. These types are presented as they are, without exaggeration or extenuation. As the author says, a window is let "into negro life so that the reader may see for himself." Negro expressions, sayings, and peculiar by-words are, to continue quotation from the author, "set down at just such times and places as a negro would naturally make use of them."

The original verse of the book is of all sorts, simple doggerel and pure lyric, yet equally filled with negro humor and sentiment. "'Way in de Woods, an' Nobody Dah" is a gem of flawless verse with a depth of awe and mystery that is more than primitive; it is elemental. In one instance Mr. Corrothers has taken a genial revenge on behalf of his race. Negroes have borne the jokes as well as the burdens of the white men from the days of Homer. It is now the turn of the "blameless Ethiopian." The Rev. Dark Loudmouth recounts to the Black Cat Club the way in which James Whitcomb Riley really received the bump on the head which the papers reported was the result of an attempted robbery. There is an air of realism about the narrative of this watermelon raid which would convince Mr. Riley himself that it had actually happened, tho "I 'speck you's lied on 'at white man," is the judgment of a less susceptible negro auditor.

SABLE THREADS IN CLOTH OF GOLD.

AUDREY. By Mary Johnston. Cloth, 8 x 5¼ inches, 418 pp. Price, $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

AFTER the large sale of Miss Johnston's "To Have and To Hold," her next work of fiction was sure to have many readers curious to compare it with that successful effort. "Audrey," as a work of art, is superior to it, while likely to prove as prodigious a "seller."

MARY JOHNSTON.

Not only has Miss Johnston the same setting for "Audrey" as for "To Have and To Hold," but the period is almost identical, the action, with the exception of the first two chapters, which might have been put as an introductory, occurring in 1727–28. The book is more of a love-story than one of action, tho there are several dramatic episodes. Its charm is due to the portrayal of an exquisite child of nature, Audrey, and her woful fate, for the story does not "end happily." Many a reader will resent the final tragedy as needless. Sometimes a being stands so marked out for adverse fortune that ultimate disaster is accepted as the only logical finale. But after the sadness and trials of this lovable child of the mountains, she reaches the port of peace only to have the author submerge her in its smiling waters. And, forsooth, with almost a refinement of cruelty.

The atmosphere of "Audrey" is as true and grateful as that of "To Have and To Hold." As to habits and surroundings, the characters are Virginians of a period slightly anterior to the birth of Washington, denizens of a young colony with strong savor of the mother country. Not a little of the gratifying delight of the book is the author's vivid and poetic portrayal of scenery. This sensitiveness to the beauty of the material world, which is the gift of those only whose senses transmute its impressions in the alembic of the soul, is apt to be a pitfall to the writer of a tale. In truth, it is that somewhat to Miss Johnston, who occasionally lets her pen cull the beauties of a scene for her personal delectation more than for the perfection of her work.

Marmaduke Haward, lately fallen heir to his father's rich estate, is one of an exploring party whose aim is to make acquaintance with the Western mountains of Virginia. They stop at a frontiersman's cabin, and are entertained by him, his wife, his young daughter Molly, and the child Audrey. They pass on. Haward pretends that he has sprained his ankle and must return. His amorous fancy has been caught by the sylvan Molly. He loses his way, and, when he arrives at dusk, finds a smoking cabin, dead inmates, and one lone creature who has escaped—Audrey. He decides to look after her, and puts her with some family before he goes abroad to enjoy his fortune by learning the gay lessons of London. He returns, ten or twelve years later, a graduated gallant, in 1727, the thought of the little orphan long since faded from his careless soul. Then the story begins.

Miss Johnston has power in character-drawing. She introduces two historical personages, famous in the Virginia colony, Col. Evelyn Byrd and his lovely daughter Evelyn. But her pure creations are no less individual and vital. The Scotch storekeeper on Haward's estate is one of the strongest and most attractive in the book, tho not at all necessary to the action. Ilan Hugon is conventional and melodramatic. Carson Darden, rough gamester and tippler, rings true in his coarse disgracefulness.

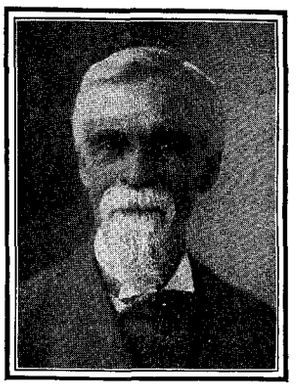
Somehow the principal characters of the story, Audrey, Haward, and Evelyn Byrd, are not done with so unerring at ouch. Audrey is an ideal, sweet, generous, forgiving; but when, even tho her soul has been schooled in suffering, she becomes an emotional actress in a jiffy, it is anything but plausible and a hackneyed turn besides. And was there not something caddish in Haward's taking poor Audrey, the orphan dryad of the mountains, who loved him with her whole innocent soul, to the governor's ball, for gallants to avoid and for outraged belles to flout?

In a great ethical crisis, conscience often has but one choice, and all the sadness it entails is necessary consequence. Witness many a Christian martyr. But art, which has its own insistent conscience, often has some mitigating control. It is not always the highest art to make a harrowing scene as harrowing as possible. Would not one moment of lucid tender speech on Audrey's part have been as literarily artistic and yet have left more peace to the reader, in that closing scene?

SHALL WE DO WITHOUT OUR BREAKFASTS?

THE NO-BREAKFAST PLAN AND THE FASTING CURE. By Edward Hooker Dewey, M.D. Cloth, 5¼x7½ inches, 207 pp. Price, $1.00. Published by the author, Meadville, Pa.

IT is about seven years since Dr. Dewey disclosed, without reserve, his theory of the relation of food to health—a theory which presents him in the attitude of a discoverer, maintaining the important principle that in all cases of severe illness the functions of digestion and assimilation are suspended—that in such cases the food administered is disposed of, not by assimilation, but by decomposition; that such decomposition in the alimentary canal oftens becomes a source of toxic impregnation of the blood; and that no waste takes place in the nerve-centres—"proving that they have been nourished at the expense of the rest of the system." Hence a new commandment: "Do not feed the severely sick!"



EDWARD H. DEWEY.

The present volume is presented to us as the story of an evolution in clinical dietetics. The author claims that the hygiene unfolded here is both original and revolutionary; and that writing "with conviction at white heat," he has compelled the attention of scientific investigators, as well as the adoption of his "No-Breakfast Plan," by thousands of business men, workingmen, and athletes.

Dr. Dewey assures us that he became utterly unconscious of the storm of ridicule and epithet whereby he was buffeted and banged. He seems to have found refuge and haven in his own droll sense of humor, as when he tells us of a man who had reached a condition in which he habitually rejected every breakfast, altho he was not prevented from attending to his ordinary business. "I told him that if the breakfast that only came to a *heave-offering* were omitted he would be better able for the duties of the forenoon. He began at once to *raise* his brows."

Evidently the outlook for the "No-Breakfast Plan" is not devoid of encouragement, and its prophet may go on, undaunted by the considerate cynicism of Dr. Shrady or the downright diatribes of Professor Wood, the shock of whose encounter he receives with complacency, "smiling superior," and even, with the courage of his convictions, rehearsing it in print. Nor is he dismayed by his own remembrance of the inevitable fate of futility which has overtaken "the literature of what to eat or not to eat"; of medicines that would convert human stomachs into sacks for the holding of "poticary stuffs."

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Although the newspapers are constantly filled with the story of the densely crowded conditions in New York City, not one person in ten outside of New York has the slightest idea of the real situation here—of the terrific crush at the bridge, and the struggle for foothold on the incessant trains when the great tide of humanity surges homeward to Brooklyn. Do you realize that nearly half a million people pass through this one artery of communication between the two boroughs daily, besides the tens of thousands who are carried by the 22 ferry routes running constant boats?

This simply goes to show what vast multitudes live in Brooklyn to-day in spite of this awful congestion. But a marvelous change is coming soon, in new bridges and tunnels, and with these *must* come an immensely augmented rush to the City of Homes, followed by the inevitable increase of building operations and consequent growth in realty values. Last year nearly three thousand new buildings were erected in Brooklyn, costing between twelve and thirteen millions, *of which one-fifth were in the 29th Ward*, where Rugby lies. What will the record be when even the first new bridge, now nearing completion, with its direct trolleys through Rugby, is opened? What will it be when the immense projects of the Pennsylvania Railway, which now has a station at Rugby, are in full operation? What will it be when still other bridges and tunnels are completed and hundreds of thousands more people, now waiting, can be accommodated? The last decade has seen an *increase* in Brooklyn's population nearly equal to the total population of Boston—500,000. What will the next decade show?

It's safe to say that the wildest prophecies of to-day will fall far short of the reality; but by conservative estimate New York's population will exceed that of all London in ten years' time. *Think what that means to the investor*—for history shows that the increase in New York's population and realty have been maintained in almost equal proportions. If the general public could realize as we do the full significance of the present situation, and its inevitable consequences for the future, *every foot of Brooklyn's undeveloped land would be bought up before another sunset!* That people the country over are beginning to realize it, is evidenced by the fact that we have sold over two million dollars' worth of land here in but little over a year—faster and faster each month as the facts become better appreciated—over a million dollars' worth the past four months—$270,000 worth since our last LITERARY DIGEST advertisement appeared. It's a magnificent record to have given satisfaction to investors of over two million dollars! And yet—we cannot help asking ourselves, in view of the facts as we on the ground can see them—

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in a recent message: "*There are three bridges planned for and in course of construction across the East River (to Brooklyn). It is evidently the duty of the City to carry forward all these bridges as rapidly as possible, the first of which it is estimated will be completed within the next 20 months.*"

Over $35,000,000 has been appropriated for these new bridges, and the first (shown above) will have double the carrying capacity of the old bridge.

—and we know it's simply because many of our statements at first appear extravagant to those unaquainted with the wonderful New York situation, and that we haven't yet gotten the *full* confidence of *all* the people—in other words, the proposition *seems too good to be true*. If everyone who has read it *believed* it to be what those who've come here have *found* it to be—"a plain statement of facts, not exaggerated in the least, but just as represented," we should long since have sold our last lot. Hundreds of The LITERARY DIGEST readers *have* trusted our advertisements, taken us at our word, and afterwards investigated to their complete satisfaction—yet what of the others? Why not thousands instead of hundreds? For months we've been telling in The LITERARY DIGEST pages of these unparal'eled opportunities for safe investment of large profit, offering 20 per cent guaranteed increase within a year, offering a $480 lot for only $10 down and $6 a month until paid for—a lot intrinsically worth thousands of dollars and which will *bring* thousands of dollars inside of ten years; offering free life insurance and non-forfeiture agreements with it; offering a free trip to New York to examine it; offering to return all the money you've paid us, with 6 per cent interest added, if you find on investigating within a year that we've misrepresented our proposition in any particular. We know there's nothing in the world to equal this in the three essentials of a sterling investment, viz.: safety, certainty and rapid increase, and we challenge the world to equal it in all three particulars.

Nor do we ask you to rely entirely upon our own word—sufficient, perhaps, as that would seem to be, with our long and honorable record—15 years in 26 cities, with nearly 40,000 customers and the highest endorsement of the commercial agencies. We add to all this the convincing testimony of *Rugby buyers* who know from personal examination—of representative citizens from all parts of the country who have bought, who have seen, and are more than satisfied, many doubling again and again their original mail investment.

Now, you've read our ads., wondered at them, believed in or doubted them, talked about them, thought about them, asked about them, written The LITERARY DIGEST perhaps, (many have, we know) to inquire if we were all right and been told "Yes, decidedly"; you're in the market for profitable investment—any man, woman or child will exchange one dollar for two—and yet, you're still holding off—letting the opportunity slip by. (The earliest moment your first payment reaches us. that moment you begin to share in the increase in values.) Each day scores of others are buying; now

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WOMEN'S STORES

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is in receipt of the following books:

"Eminent Actors in Their Homes."—Margherita A. Hamm. (James Pott & Co., $1.25.)

"The History of Medicine."—Alexander Wilder. (New England Eclectic Publishing Company, $2.75.)

"The Church's One Foundation."—W. Robertson Nicoll. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

"The Political Freshman."—Bushrod Washington James. (Bushrod Library, Philadelphia.)

"Good Cheer Nuggets."—Gathered by Jeannie G. Pennington. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, $1.00.)

"The Next Great Awakening."—Josiah Strong. (Baker & Taylor Co., $0.75.)

"The Conqueror."—Gertrude Atherton. (The Macmillan Company, $1.50.)

"The Authorship of the Book of Deuteronomy."—John William McGarvey. (The Standard Publishing Company.)

"The National Cyclopedia of American Biography," vol. xi. (James T. White & Co.)

"Dorothy South."—George Cary Eggleston. (Lothrop Publishing Company, $1.50.)

"Parables of Life."—Hamilton W. Mabie. (The Outlook Company, $1.00.)

"The Proceedings of the Webster Centennial of Dartmouth College."—Edited by Ernest M. Hopkins. (Dartmouth College, $1.50.)

CURRENT POETRY.

Quietus.

By WILLIAM WATSON.

Man and his strife! and beneath him the Earth in her green repose
And out of the Earth he cometh, and into the Earth he goes.

O sweet at last is the Silence, O sweet at the warfare's close!
For out of the Silence he cometh, and into the Silence goes.

And the great sea round him glistens, and above him the great Night glows.
And out of the Night he cometh, and into the Night he goes.

—*The Speaker.*

Lines.

By ROBERT LOVEMAN.

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed;
What for class or what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man;
Heirs of love, and joy, and wo,
Who is high, and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky and sea,
Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe or stole?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown, or what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope,
It is the brain and eye to see,
One God, and one humanity.

—In March *Ainslee's Magazine.*

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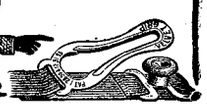

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The Dwellings of Peace.

By Henry Van Dyke.

Two dwellings, Peace, are thine.
One is the mountain-height,
Uplifted in the loneliness of light
Beyond the realm of shadows,—fine,
And far, and clear,—where advent of the night
Means only glorious nearness of the stars,
And dawn, unhindered, breaks above the bars
That long the lower world in twilight keep.
Thou sleepest not, and hast no need of sleep,
For all thy cares and fears have dropped away;
The night's fatigue, the fever-fret of day,
Are far below thee; and earth's weary wars,
In vain expense of passion, pass
Before thy sight like visions in a glass,
Or like the wrinkles of the storm that creep
Across the sea and leave no trace
Of trouble on that immemorial face,—
So brief appear the conflicts, and so slight
The wounds men give, the things for which they fight.
Here hangs a fortress on the distant steep,—
A lichen clinging to the rock:
There sails a fleet upon the deep,—
A wandering flock
Of snow-winged gulls: and yonder, in the plain,
A marble palace shines,—a grain
Of mica glittering in the rain:
And far beneath thy feet the clouds are rolled
By voiceless winds: and far between
The rolling clouds new shores and peaks are seen,
In shimmering robes of green and gold.
And faint aerial hue
That silent fades into the silent blue
Serene.
Thou, from thy mountain-hold,
All day, in tranquil wisdom, looking down
On distant scenes of human toil and strife,
All night, with eyes aware of loftier life,
Uplooking to the sky, where stars are sown,
Dost watch the everlasting fields grows white
Unto the harvest of the seeds of light,
And welcome to thy dwelling-place sublime
The few strong souls that dare to climb
The slippery crags and find thee on the height.

II.

But in the depth thou hast another home,
For hearts less daring, or more frail.
Thou dwellest also in the shadowy vale;
And pilgrim-souls that roam
With weary feet o'er hill and dale,
Bearing the burden and the heat
Of toilful days,
Turn from the dusty ways
To find thee in thy green and still retreat.
Here is no vision wide outspread
Before the lonely and exalted seat
Of all-embracing knowledge. Here, instead,
A little garden, and a sheltered nook
With outlooks brief and sweet
Across the meadows, and along the brook,—
A little stream that little knows
Of the great sea toward which it gladly flows,—
A little field that bears a little wheat
To make a portion of earth's daily bread.
The vast cloud-armies overhead
Are marshaled, and the wild wind blows
Its trumpet, but thou canst not tell
Whence the storm comes nor where it goes.
Nor dost thou greatly care, since all is well;
Thy daily task is done,
And tho a lowly one,
Thou gavest it of thy best,
And art content to rest
In patience till its slow reward is won.
Not far thou lookest, but thy sight is clear;
Not much thou knowest, but thy faith is dear;
For life is love, and love is always near.
Here friendship lights the fire, and every heart,
Sure of itself and sure of all the rest,

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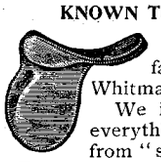
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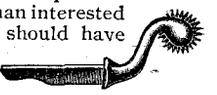
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The soul grown weary of the waking world,
And lays it, with its thoughts all furled,
Its fears forgotten, and its passions still,
On the deep bosom of the Eternal Will,
To rest
Upon God's breast.

—In February *Harper's Magazine.*

PERSONALS.

Senator Tillman as Cyclops.—Senator Tillman called a page to him the other day and asked him the name of a new Senator who was sitting on the Republican side of the chamber. The page, being one of this session's appointees, was not only ignorant of the new Senator's name, but did not even know Tillman. In his dilemma, he went to Journal Clerk Macdonald.

"Who is the man with one eye?" he asked, referring to Mr. Tillman.

"Cyclops," replied Macdonald, without looking up from his book and thinking of the gentleman who figures in ancient mythology.

The boy rushed back to Tillman. "Now, Senator Cyclops," he said triumphantly, "I will go and find out the other Senator's name."—*The Washington Post.*

Prince Henry's Keen Observation.—At one of the banquets given in Prince Henry's honor, the Prince was asked what he thought of America? "The people are inspiring," replied the Prince, "if I may judge from the glimpses I have had of them. At the opera I saw refinement and culture pictured in the faces; at the luncheon to-day genius and energy; but the crowds on the streets impressed me most. Their faces indicate, it seems to me, activity and ambition not dulled by too much contentment, yet not marred by discontent. Is not this the balance that makes your people so happy and so powerful?"—*The New York Times.*

Senator Depew's Funny Mistake.—At a great Republican ratification meeting in New York in 1892 Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the candidate for the vice-presidency, was to attend. A box was reserved for him and just above it was Chauncey M. Depew's. The story is told in *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) as follows:

The meeting was well under way before Mr. Reid arrived. As soon as the great audience saw him enter his box there was a demonstration. Hats were thrown in the air, hands were clapped, and hurrahs went up everywhere. Mr. Reid is a man of much dignity. At times, it is said, when he has a few congenial spirits about him, he can unbend and be as jovial as any one. But ordinarily he is dignified almost to the point of austerity.

On this particular occasion even the wild enthusiasm of the men and women in the big hall did not melt his reserve. He rose to the welcome and bowed in the courtly, graceful manner for which he is famous, without, however, relaxing a muscle of his face or venturing a smile.

The crowd kept up its tumult. He bowed again. And still they cried, and still he bowed. And the more he bowed, the more they cheered

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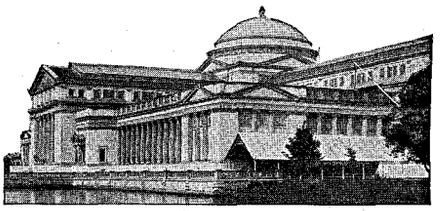

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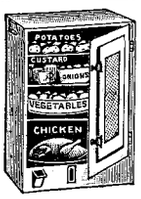

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and huzzaed. He tried to sit down, but evidently, the crowd wouldn't have it.

Even so reserved a man as Mr. Reid is not proof against the continued cheers of a great assemblage. At last he could no longer resist the clamor. He stepped to the front of the box and was just about to say a few words when an uproarious shout of laughter swept over the hall. Instantly the distinguished candidate for vice-president froze up. The laughter increased until it became almost hysterical.

Mr. Reid was at first puzzled, and then angered. His anger had almost approached the boiling-point when some one started the yell:

"No! no! Reid! Reid! Reid!"

The cry swelled louder and louder, but mingling with it were distinct yells of laughter. Mr. Reid, in disgust, had almost made up his mind to withdraw from the box when one of the members of committee rushed in.

"They want you on the platform, Mr. Reid," he said.

"Well, then, what in the world are they laughing at me for?" demanded that gentleman.

"Why, it's all a mistake. Depew's got the box above you, and when the crowd began to shout a welcome at your arrival Mr. Depew thought they were calling for him. He is so accustomed to being in the limelight, you know. He hasn't discovered his error yet, but a man has gone up there to see him."

At that Mr. Reid's reserve melted away entirely and he joined with the others in the laugh.

MORE OR LESS PUNGENT.

Cold Comfort.—MAUD: "When you refused him my hand, papa, did he get down on his knees?"

PATER: "No, I didn't notice jest where he lit!"—*Chicago Daily News.*

Eggsactly.—CUSTOMER: "How much are eggs?"

DEALER: "Twenty-one cents."

"What do you charge twenty-one cents for?"

"For eggs."—*Harlem Life.*

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—*Life.*

Cut Out.—JACK: "Did you know that Jones, the tailor, asked Miss Swell to marry him?"

DICK: "So? And what did she say?"

JACK: "She gave him a fitting answer."

DICK: "What was it?"

JACK: "She told him he was cut out."

DICK: "And that ended it, I suppose?"

JACK: "Yes, he didn't press his suit further."—*Tit-Bits.*

She Enjoyed the Opera.—HE: "Well, did you enjoy the evening?"

SHE: "Indeed I did. We went to the opera."

HE: "Of course you enjoyed it?"

SHE: "Immensely."

HE: "What did you hear?"

SHE: "What did I hear? Well, what didn't I hear? I heard that Nell Vanderdyke is engaged to Tom Browning and that Jack Rentsarelow and Edith Singleton have quarreled and are not going to be married after all. Then I heard that Mrs. Tenbroke is going to get a divorce from her husband. Mrs. Thorndike has been sued by her dressmaker. The Livingstons have a baby.

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to whom safety is the first consideration will find among our bond offerings this month several issues to net them five per cent. These bonds are suitable for banks, trust funds, estates and private investors, and are purchased outright by us before offering them to our clients. Denominations $500 and $1,000.

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INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
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Count Cantukount is not a count at all. The Thompson boys——"

HE: "But——"

SHE: "Well, don't interrupt me. I thought you wanted to know what I heard?"

HE: "So I did, but——"

SHE: "Well, keep still, then. I——"

HE: "What I meant was, what opera did you hear?"

SHE: "Oh—well, I'm sure I can't remember, but I saw the name on the program."—*Tit-Bits.*

Completed Proverbs.—"Before you run in double harness, look well to the other horse," but see to it that the other horse doesn't have a chance to look well to you.

"Pity is akin to love," but kinship does not always signify friendship.

"It is hard to pay for bread that has been eaten," but not so hard as to get bread to eat that has not been paid for.

"Only that which is honestly got is gain"—the rest is velvet.

"Labor overcometh all things," even the laborer.

"Employment brings enjoyment," when it brings the means to enjoy.

"A wise man is moved from his course neither by force nor entreaty," but the same often applies to a mule.

"Possession is nine points of the law," and frequently all the profits.

"Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is the cry of those who are well in front.

"In matters of taste there can be no dispute," for every man is so firmly convinced that there is no standard by which his taste can be measured.

"Whate'er is best administered is best" for the one who administers.

"Ignorance is the mother of impudence"; no father is named.

"A man who will not flee will make his foes flee," but what if his foes are made of the same metal?

"Let a child have its will and it will not cry," but its parents will.

—L. DE V. MATTHEWMAN, in *The Literary Era.*

"Our Bob,"—

Who stood beside him when he came,
The first to call the Prince's name,
And trumpet his Germanic fame?
Bob Evans!

Who guided him through thick and thin,
Through Yankee and Teutonic grin,
And gave him pointers 'mid the din?
Bob Evans!

Who sat beside him when he fed,
And through the courses nobly led,
And got him safely off to bed?
Bob Evans!

Who journeyed by his side in style,
And coached him when to bow and smile,
Each Town Committee to beguile?
Bob Evans!

Whose wisdom steered his course through all,
Each Public Function, Feast or Ball?
Who always stood within his call?
Bob Evans!

Who raised his hand and made his bow,
As home the vessel turned her prow,
And where's your occupation now—
Bob Evans?

AFTERMATH.

Who is this creeping back at last—
A shattered wreck, when all is past—
Is *this* our hero of the mast—
Bob Evans?

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Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

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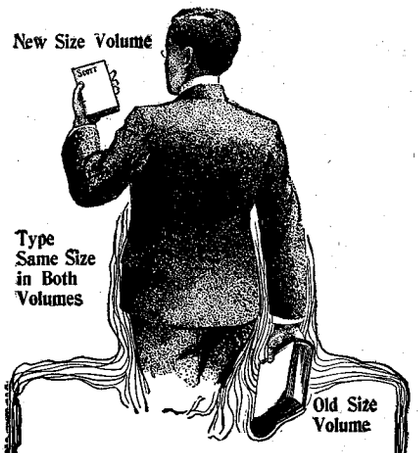

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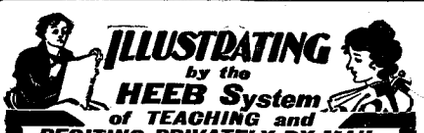

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Optimism.—Don't get discouraged. It is often the last key on the bunch that opens the lock.—*Puck.*

The Inveterate Angler.—MRS. MALAPROP: "My husband's getting ready for the opening of the fishing season."

BROWNE: "Fond of the sport, eh?"

MRS. MALAPROP: "Well, I should say. Why, he is a regular anglomaniac."—*Philadelphia Press.*

From a Literary Advertisement, A.D. 1910.—"This powerful novel contains twelve errors in grammar; and each reader of the book is invited to submit a list of these, indicating the order in which he thinks they rank as to their enormity.

"The person whose list comes nearest the choice of the majority of those submitting lists, will be awarded a prize of five hundred thousand dollars in gold.

"Guessing coupon and full information in each book."—*Life.*

Coming Events.

May 12–15.—Convention of the American Order of Steam Engineers, Supreme Council, at Reading, Pa.

May 13.—Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Norfolk, Va.

Convention of the International Hotel and Restaurant Employees' Alliance and the International Bartenders' League, at Louisville, Ky.

May 13–15.—Convention of the National Association of Piano Dealers of America, at Baltimore.

May 13–16.—Convention of the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, at Xenia, Ohio.

May 14.—Convention of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, General Synod, at Philadelphia.

Convention of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in New York.

Current Events.

Foreign.

SOUTH AFRICA.

March 24.—Acting-President Schalkburger and other Boer leaders pass through British lines to confer with President Steyn, supposedly regarding peace terms.

March 26.—In a combined effort to capture De la Rey in the Western Transvaal, the British columns capture 135 prisoners and five guns. General De la Rey escapes.

March 29.—Reports from London state that on March 24 the British were defeated in a fight with the Boers. Eight men were killed, ten wounded, and twenty-nine captured.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

March 24.—The French Parliament votes 500,000 francs for the expenses of President Loubet's trip to St. Petersburg.

March 25.—The French Chamber of Deputies passes a bill voting 600,000 francs for exhibits at St. Louis.

It is reported that Queen Wilhelmina's annual visit to Amsterdam has been abandoned on account of her health.

March 26.—Cecil Rhodes dies at Cape Town.

March 27.—The British authorities in the West Indies are instructed to refuse permission to the Venezuelan rebel steamer *Bolivar* to coal and receive supplies at British ports.

March 28.—Señor Homoro Morla, minister of Ecuador to France, and Señor Victor M. Rendon, consul-general of Ecuador at Paris, are appointed envoys to Great Britain and Spain, to represent their Government at the coronation of King Edward and of King Alfonso.

March 29.—A thousand Chinese are killed in riots at Ta-Ming-Fu, in Pe-chi-li province, China, caused by attempts to collect indemnity for the Catholics.

Prince Derneburg, former German Minister to Great Britain, France, and Russia, dies at Hanover, Prussia.

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ONE MILLION PEOPLE!

This is about the number that will die this year in the United States.

It is not *probable* that you'll be one of them, but it's *possible.*

Had you not better provide against the possibility?

Whilst doing so, you can provide for your own old age—

By means of an Endowment Policy.

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Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $.....
if issued to a man ..... years of age

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March 30.—The foreign trade of Germany for 1901 show a decrease in the total imports and exports, but a marked increase in the imports from the United States.

The revenue of the United Kingdom for the quarter ending March 31 shows an increase of £4,618,913.

The French elections are dated to take place on April 27.

Domestic.

CONGRESS.

March 24.—*Senate:* The Oleomargarine bill is considered.

House: The debate on the Moss-Rhea case is continued.

March 25.—*Senate:* The debate on the Oleomargarine bill is continued.

House: In the contested election case of John S. Rhea, from the Third Kentucky District, Rhea is defeated and the seat is given to J. McKenzie Moss, Republican; the Army Appropriation bill is discussed.

March 26.—*Senate:* Consideration of the Oleomargarine bill is continued.

House: The general debate on the Military Appropriation bill is closed; a resolution is adopted, asking the President for information regarding General Miles's request to be sent to the Philippines.

March 27.—*Senate:* Senator Patterson from Colorado make an attack on General Funston; Debate on the Oleomargarine bill is continued.

House: The Military Appropriation bill is passed: a committee is appointed under a resolution, introduced by Congressman Richardson of Tennessee, to investigate charges of bribery in connection with the sale of the Danish West Indies.

March 28.—The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill is introduced; 215 private pension bills are passed.

March 29.—The bill to improve the efficiency of the revenue-cutter service is considered.

OTHER DOMESTIC NEWS.

March 24.—President Roosevelt decides that the inauguration of President Palma would not take place before May 20.

An injunction, asked for by the Interstate Commerce Commission against six railroads entering Chicago is granted by the federal court.

March 25.—Secretary Root, by the direction of the President, instructs General Wood to turn over the Government of Cuba to its people on May 20.

Major-General Otis is placed on the retired list of the army.

March 26.—General Wood returns to Cuba.

March 27.—President Roosevelt sends a special message to Congress asking authority to appoint diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States in Cuba.

March 28.—Commissioner of Pensions Evans sends his resignation to the President.

The State Department pays no attention to Captain Christmas's charges of bribery in connection with the sale of the Danish West Indies, regarding them as unworthy of notice.

March 29.—President Roosevelt makes public the correspondence in which Lieutenant-General Miles's request to be sent to the Philippines was disapproved.

Damage by floods in Tennessee is estimated to reach $1,000,000.

March 30.—James R. Garfield accepts the place of Civil Service Commissioner, made vacant by the resignation of William A. Rodenberg.

AMERICAN DEPENDENCIES.

March 26.—*Philippines:* Noriel, a distinguished insurgent general, is captured.

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Makes Book Entry, Bill, Order and any number of Duplicates at One Time

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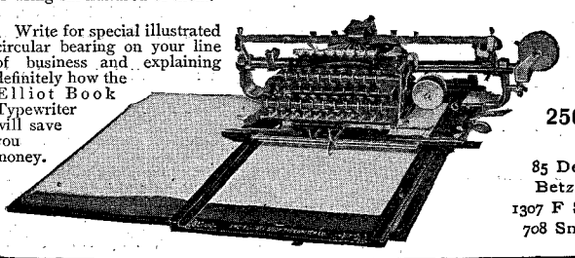
The Elliott Book Typewriter does all the work of an ordinary typewriter with even greater speed, and does in addition a score of things absolutely impossible with even the best of the old-style machines. It is as great an aid in book-keeping as the ordinary typewriter is in correspondence. It is, in fact, the first and only all-around Typewriter ever manufactured, and as such has been adopted by banks, factories, stores, transportation offices and counting-rooms. Five thousand are already in daily use. One prominent railroad is using six hundred of them.

Write for special illustrated circular bearing on your line of business and explaining definitely how the Elliot Book Typewriter will save you money.



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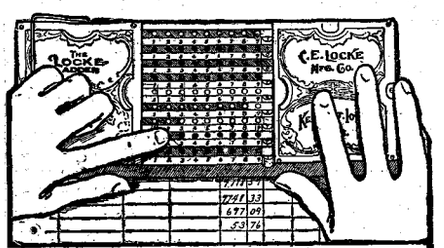

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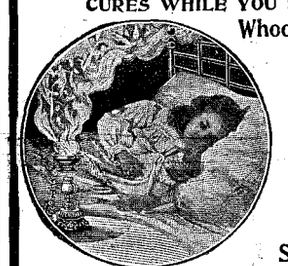

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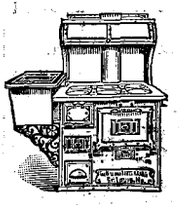

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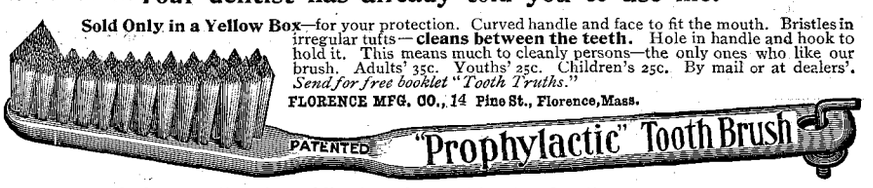

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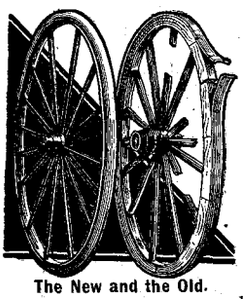

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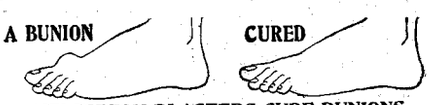

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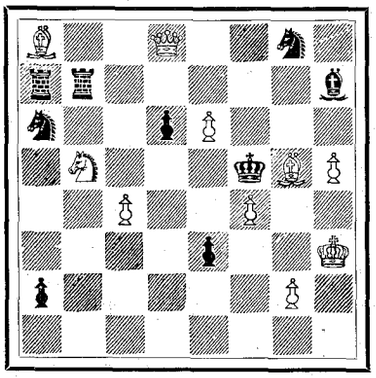
CHESS.

[All communications for this Department should be addressed: "Chess Editor, LITERARY DIGEST."]

Problem 655.

By O. NEMO.

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Ten Pieces.

B 2 Q 2 s 1; r r 5 b; s 2 p P 3; 1 S 3 k B P; 2 P 2 P 2; 4 p 2 K; p 5 P 1; 8.

White mates in two moves.

Problem 656.

By MURRAY MARBLE.

4 K 3; 1 p 6; 1 P k 5; 2 p 5; 2 S 1 p 3; 1 P P 1 S 3; 4 B 3; 8.

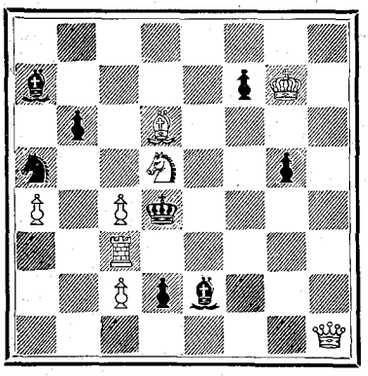
White mates in three moves.

Problem 657.

By J. FRIDLIZIUS.

From "Swedish Chess-Problems."

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

8; b 4 p K 1; 1 p 1 B 4; s 2 S 2 p 1; P 1 P k 4; 2 R 5; 2 P p b 3; 7 Q.

White mates in three moves.

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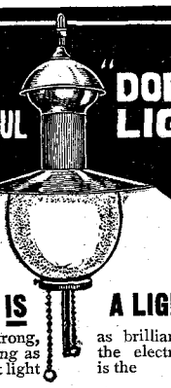

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Key-move, Q—Kt 4.

No. 651.

1. Q—Q R 8 / K—B 3	2. Kt—Q 6, dis. ch / K moves	3. Q—Q B 8, mate	
1. ..... / K—B 5	2. B—K 2 ch / B—Q 6 (must)	3. Q—R 4, mate	
1 ..... / Kt—B 4	2. B—K 8, ch / R x B	3. Kt—Q 6, mate !	
	2. ..... / Kt—Q 2	3. Q—R 4, mate	
	2. ..... / K—B 5	3. Kt—Kt 2 ! ! mate	

Other variations depend on those given.

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In the Popiel-Marco game, when Marco resigned, he had a win by B—Kt 8, threatentening mate by Q x Q P. The best that White can do is to give his Q for R and B. Found by M.W. H., M. M., and H. Zirn, Brooklyn.

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Lost	10½	14½	8¾	5	13¾	4¼	8	10	9¾	18	8½	4½	11¼	16½	14	7	8	5¾	7½	7
Won	8½	4½	10¾	14	7¾	14½	11	9	9¼	1	9½	14½	7¾	2½	5	12	12	13¼	11½	12
Wolf	0	0	¼	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	¾	¼	¼	0	0	½	1	½	0	:
Tschigorin	0	0	0	¾	0	½	0	0	0	1	:	¼	1	0	0	0	1	:		
Teichmann	¼	¼	0	1	0	1	1	½	0	0	¼	½	0	0	0	½	0	:	0	½
Tarrasch	½	0	¼	1	¼	½	1	0	0	½	1	0	0	0	0	:	1	1		
Schlechter	½	0	0	0	½	0	¼	½	0	0	¼	0	0	0	:	1				
Scheve	1	½	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	½	:					
Reggio	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0						
Popiel	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0							
Pillsbury	0	1	¼	½	1	0	0	¾	0	0	0	½								
Napier	¾	0	1	0	¾	1	1	¾	0	0	:									
Mortimer	1	¾	0	1	½	1	1	¾	1	:										
Mieses	0	¾	½	1	0	1	¾	0	:											
Mason	1	½	0	0	½	½	¾	:												
Marshall	¾	¼	1	1	1	½	:													
Maroczy	0	1	½	0	:															
Marco	0	¾	0	1	:															
Janowski	0	¼	0	:																
Gunsberg	0	0	:																	
Eisenberg	1	:																		
Albin	:																			

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VON SCHEVE. *White.*	PILLSBURY. *Black.*	VON SCHEVE. *White.*	PILLSBURY. *Black.*
1 P—Q 4	P—Q 4	13 Kt—K 2	Kt x Kt
2 Kt—K B 3	P—Q B 4	14 B x Kt	R x P
3 P x P	Kt—K B 3	15 P x P	Kt x P
4 Kt—B 3 (a)	Kt—B 3	16 Castles	Castles
5 P—Q R 3	P—Q 5	17 R—Q sq	Q—Kt 3
6 Kt—Q R 4	P—K 4	18 B—B sq	B—K Kt 5
7 P—Q Kt 4	P—K 5	19 R—K sq	R—Q sq (d)
8 Kt—Kt sq	P—Q Kt 4	20 Q—Q B 3	Kt—B 6 ch (e)
9 Kt—Kt 2(b)	Kt—Q 4	21 P x Kt	B(Kt 5) x P
10 P—K 3	Kt—B 6	22 B—R 3	Q—Kt 3 ch
11 Q—Q 2	P—Q R 4	23 K—B sq	Q—R 4 (f)
12 P x R P(c)	B x P	24 Resigns	

Notes by Emil Kemeny in The North American, Philadelphia.

(a) This move, followed by P—Q R 3 and Kt—R 4, is played with the intention to maintain the Pawn.

(b) P x P ch would have been answered with P x P, and White would be forced to retreat the Kt.

(c) P x Q P was hardly any better. Black would have answered P x Kt P, followed eventually by Kt x Q P.

(d) Threatening to win the Queen, and also a winning attack, by sacrificing the Kt.

(e) Brilliant play, which decides the game in favor of Black. White, unless he answers P x Kt, loses the exchange and a Pawn.

(f) B—Kt 2 would be answered with Q x P, and White can not play B x B, for Q x B P mate threatens.

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Showalter, Ky.,	4	1	1	Baird, New York,	0	1	2
Voigt, Phila.,	1	0	3	Bampton, Phila.,	0	1	1
Newman, Phila.,	1	0	3	Marshall, Brooklyn,	0	3	1
Hymes, New York,	1	0	6	Teed, Brooklyn,	0	1	0
Delmar, New York,	2	2	1	Young, Boston,	0	1	0
Howell, Brooklyn,	1	1	0	Robinson, Phila.,	0	1	0
Burelle, Boston,	1	1	0	Galbreath, Miss.,	0	1	0
Helms, Brooklyn,	1	1	0	McCutcheon, Pitts.,	0	1	0

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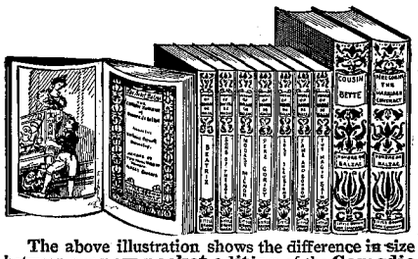

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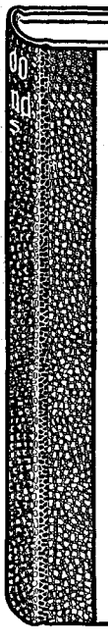

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